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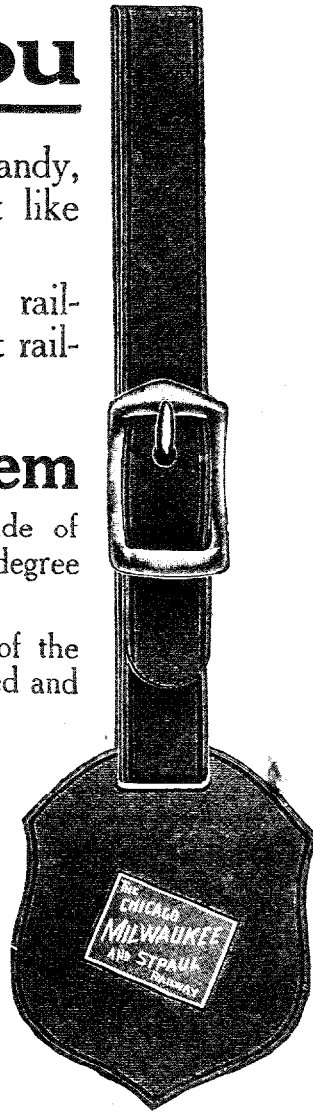
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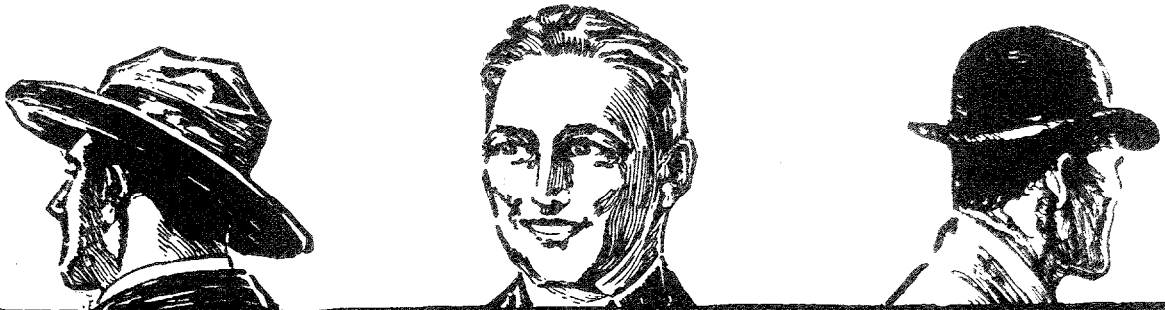
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THE MILWAUKEE EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE

Railway Exchange Building, Chicago

Published monthly, devoted to the interests of and for free distribution among the 65,000 employes of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway System.

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VOLUME VII

DECEMBER, 1919

NUMBER 9

To Officers and Employees:

As a comparatively recent addition to the great Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Organization, I welcome this opportunity granted by the Editor of this magazine to wish you all A Merry Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

It is a source of great pride to me to be associated with this railroad, and I look forward with pleasure to better acquaintance with you in our working out the complex and numerous problems that confront us.





Benjamin B. Greer, Federal Manager.

Benjamin B. Greer, Federal Manager.

On November 1st, Benjamin B. Greer was appointed Federal Manager of the C. M. & St. P., vice H. E. Byram, resigned to accept the presidency of the C. M. & St. P. Corporation.

Mr. Greer is a native of Chicago, a student in its public schools, its Armour Institute of Technology and a graduate of Dartmouth College.

He commenced his railroad work as clerk in the offices of the Great Northern Railway, serving successively as such in roadmaster's and superintendent's offices; as chief clerk, extra gang timekeeper, assistant extra gang foreman, roadmaster and assistant superintendent.

In 1908 he transferred to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad as transportation inspector at Chicago; served as superintendent on various divisions of that railroad and was later appointed assistant general manager, from which position he was promoted to the position of assistant to operating vice-president, with headquarters at Chicago.

In 1917 he became vice-president and general manager of the Colorado & Southern R. R., at Denver, Colo. In June, 1918, he was appointed assistant regional director, Central Western Region, with headquarters at Chicago, which position he left to become Federal Manager of the Milwaukee Road.

Our Christmas Stories.

As has been the custom, the Christmas number is devoted to Holiday cheer as far as is consistent with the business of being the Railroad Magazine. The stories are all contributed by employees. Mrs. Sill and Sted are too well known to need further introduction. "Rutledge Hill" is the nom de plume of an employe in the office of one of our division superintendents. Mrs. Helga Henwinkel is the Council Bluffs correspondent, and W. H. Shafer is a conductor on the La Crosse Division. To all of them the Magazine extends its thanks for their generous help and co-operation in the interest of the Christmas number.

The Magazine wishes its correspondents and its readers a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year.

Memories.

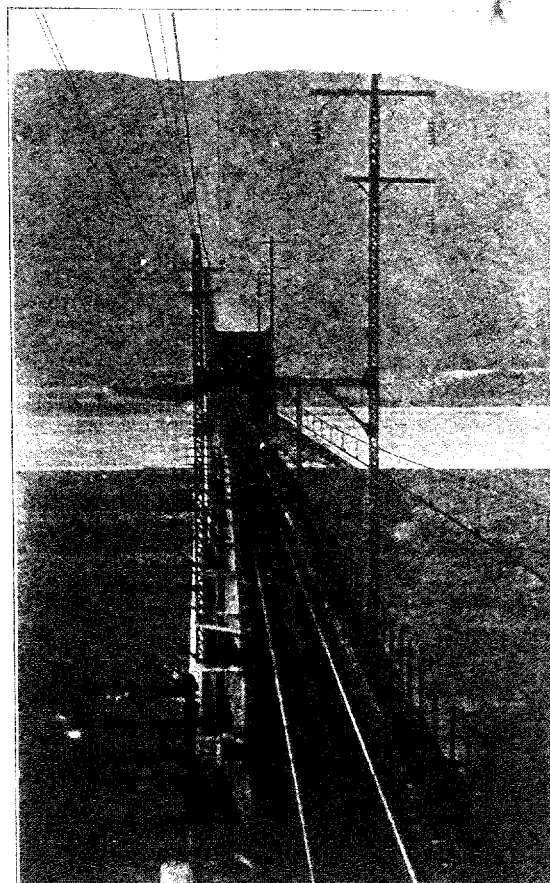
Where is the cheer,
That made those Christmases so glad, long,
long ago,
So prosy then, so precious now,
We even speak of them in accents low,
Why is the light of our fireside less bright,
Remember how it blazed and glowed those
other Christmas nights?

The stockings all are hung
Along the wall;
A limp and silent row,
Mysterious forms around my bedside creep,
I sleep, and Lo!
'Tis dawn, the stockings all are filled from
top to toe.

Have I been dreaming while the hour grows
late,
The Christmas stars are shining as of yore,
The world in worship bows on bended knee
Before the Christ within the stable door.

So many endless years there are between
And, dear, you seem so very far away,
So many Christmases apart we've been
And with tomorrow one more Christmas day,
Ah, well 'tis Christmas eve I must be glad,
And then perhaps, we'll meet another year,
Forgive me if old memories make you sad,
Goodnight, I'm wishing you,
A merry Christmas dear.

—Nora Breckenridge-Sill.



Electric Light Group on Columbia River Bridge.

The Christmas Turkey

Sted.

Baggs was his name. I do not know what part of his name it was. But everybody called him Baggs and he answered the summons most cordially. He was engineering a newsstand in a backwoods settlement, and one summer day not so many years ago, when I purchased his entire stock of out-door magazines, he inquired if I were a sportsman? Answering in the affirmative, I ventured to inquire as to the outlook for sport and game thereabouts. That was where we became acquainted as Baggs was a sportsman of the old school and proud of it; he related to me many a good tale of field and flood, the scenes being laid along the Mosquiko river, some twenty miles to the east, and as a climax he furnished the startling information that there was a wild turkey making tracks up about the mouth of Plaquoe creek where the ground was covered with big timber. I asked him if anyone ever hunted for it? He did not know as to this but the reason **he** had not, was because the timber was so big that if he got in there and could not find his way out, he might get lost.

That was the first and last time I ever met Baggs and only for the incidents following, the memory of his information might never have been recalled. May this good old world deal gently with Baggs, and if ever I strike that burg again you can rest assured there will be a great wagging of tongues and burning of the weed over his counter.

Late that same fall a companion and myself embarked in a couple of row-boats on the waters of the Mosquiko and were enjoying the pleasures of a combined pilgrimage of hunting and fishing, while following the south bound wild fowl down this friendly stream. One evening we pulled into the mouth of one of the many sloughs or bayous that empty into this stream, pitched our tent and after supper were enjoying the fragrance of pipe and weed when a couple of trappers dropped into our

camp; they had stretched their canvas home a mile or so further up the slough and had stopped to get acquainted. More to keep conversation alive than anything else I inquired if the slough we were camped along had any name, and they replied it was called Plaquoe creek. Instantly Baggs and his wild turkey bobbed into my mind and as I looked about at the large trees that stretched away to the south, west and north it was not hard for a person sportsmanly inclined to imagine not only one, but a whole drove of turkeys living on the fat of the land in that immediate neighborhood. I asked if there were any game along the stream and learned there were ducks in season, quail, pheasant, squirrel and rabbit; I then warmed up enough to feel the trappers out on the turkey subject but they knew nothing, being travellers, the same as we. The next morning while my partner got his bait and casting rod into action I picked up the shot gun for a walk through the woods to see what kind of a country it was; there were nuts of all kinds in abundance and if there were a wild turkey in that locality it could not have selected better ground for forage than that I was exploring. I worked my way north along the stream and after a couple of miles came to a corn field skirting the oak timber and met a farmer lad in the field, and say—that farmer boy possessed more information than the German Emperor did when he headed back north, one day, not long ago; this boy had actually seen the wild turkey, it had run with his father's tame flock in the early part of the season, but would never come out from the timber and one could not get within rifle range of him, because the farmer boy had tried it many times; he informed me where the turkey ranged and altogether started a fever that ran a long stretch before I reached my normal state.

On reaching camp I told my partner of Baggs' story and of the farmer boy's verification, and moved that we camp

here until we got the turkey or the turkey got us, but it seems partner was about surfeited with wild woods life and replied that if I cared to remain alone he would go to the next town and from there on home. Of course I did not wish to see him go, as camping alone is not always the best plan, but he said he was not as enthusiastic over such matters as I was, and further, he felt he had not lost any wild turkeys, so if there were any honor or glory to be achieved he would willingly concede all to me. I did not urge him to remain so he packed up and hiked for home the next day.

I at once moved my camp up beside the trappers and for the few following weeks hunted, fished, followed them on their trap lines, learned a bit about woods and wood life, quite a smattering about fur and fur animals and roamed the big woods every day, gaining a knowledge of the lay of the land, compass directions, and always looking for that wild turkey or signs of him. The trappers remained until the week before Thanksgiving, then pulled up stakes and left, but before they departed I purchased half a dozen traps from them so as to have something else to think about, and also to furnish an excuse for woods cruising every day, if any excuse were required.

The first few days after they left I felt a bit solitary, but with locating sets for my traps, looking for fur as well as turkey signs, taking care of the few pelts I secured, washing, darning and mending socks and clothes, baking bread, entering up my journal each night, I was enjoying a simple but nevertheless a very contented and semi-busy life. The pleasures of that woodland camp, how I did revel in good health, how I could tramp and tramp the woods, every step adding a touch of strength and vigor to my system; a clean, wholesome existence and a bountiful reward from Nature's storehouse.

The night but one before Thanksgiving, Mercury took a hard fall and before midnight every lake, bayou and pond was closed tight; along toward morning it started snowing and when I arose there was a good three-inch mantle of white covering the earth,

with a cold, frosty tinge in the air, and the sun shining brightly; how my spirits arose as I noted the conditions and communed with myself: "This is the day I have been longing for, and today I get my Thanksgiving turkey." After a sustaining breakfast I chose the three-barrel gun (I had been daily using a twenty-two caliber rifle with silencer attached for such small venison as squirrels and rabbits which I depended on for fresh meat; I used this style of arm so that my turkey would not be alarmed by the noisy reports from the shotgun or larger rifle) filled two vacuum bottles, one with hot coffee and the other with drinking water, put a couple of pancake and bacon sandwiches in my pocket and started to scare up some turkey tracks. The joy of being alive that morning in those great woods, the keen, clear air, energetic and inspiring, the comforts of a healthy appetite bountifully supplied; good digestion and plain food had fitted me for a long, hard tramp and as I fortunately struck the turkey trail in less than two hours can you blame me for feeling extremely good?

Then came the determined chase: the tracks were fresh as loose snow was still falling in the moulds and if fortune were with me and my knowledge of woodcraft were not at fault there was no reason why I should not accomplish my desires. On and on I followed that trail mostly in a straight line north. I would take a dozen steps, look ahead the direction the tracks were going, scan every brush pile and thicket tangle and followed this up until one o'clock when I stopped to lunch: it tasted good, bacon sandwich, hot coffee and water, it installed renewed energy into the chase and after a short smoke I started on the trail again and had not taken a dozen steps when out from the corner of an eye I saw a bronze body flash through the woods about three hundred yards to my right and I enjoyed the first glimpse of the game I was pursuing—and it was a good sight, too—you can bank on that: he was headed south now and from his skulking movements I realized he knew he was being tracked, in fact, he probably had seen my form gliding through the forest

aisles at least a dozen times that morning on his trail. Then began again that long chase, a dozen steps or so, a halt of a few minutes for a look ahead and on all sides, never in a hurry, slow, patient, sometimes on the trail itself, again off to one side following its general direction I spent the afternoon and when darkness fell I was two miles from camp and without the turkey.

A person would naturally feel discouraged after such a chase, especially as the wind shifted during the night, the snow disappeared next day and tracking was out of the question. But I had seen turkey tracks and I had seen the turkey making them so there was something yet to live for, and I was the only individual after his beard.

The passing weeks were spent in trapping, timber cruising, etc., until Christmas week and as I look at my journal I note the following entries:

December 1st—Caught one mink, two rats and one foot; mended shoe. Weather warm and clear.

December 2nd—Shot one coon, caught three rats; weather warm and bright.

December 6th—Caught one mink and one rat; cloudy and threatening; made bread.

December 15th—Caught one rat, shot one wild cat; fair and mild.

I suppose you would like to hear the excitement attending the shooting of the old Tom wild cat, but it was really as tame an affair as I ever participated in. I was coming to camp early in the evening and had sat down upon a log while filling and lighting my pipe; about twenty-five yards from me was a large hollow tree prostrate, and that instinctive feeling or second sight that all woodsmen experience told me there had been a movement at the mouth of that hollow log and as I looked steadily made out the head and ears of a cat. I watched that quite a bit before deciding to take a shot at it. I did not know whether a twenty-two long rifle was big enough for the business in hand and if it were not, I did not fancy a hand to hand clawing match with Mister Tom; but then I happened to think that maybe he was after that turkey, too—

that settled it. I took deliberate aim at the head back of the eyes and below the ears and at the discharge Mister Tom just seem to melt out of sight; there was no sound, no clawing or struggling like tame cats indulge in when given the death blow and I was at a loss what to do. So I just worked another shell into the chamber and sat still for ten minutes, then as no sound or movement had come from the log I walked around in front of the hole and there was the cat stretched out dead. Exciting?

From then until the twenty-third of December it was a glorious camp, for what with my few traps, keeping the larder supplied with fresh meat and many small, but interesting, incidents, the time slipped by rapidly but not another tracking snow fell, and although I could find locations daily where the turkey had scratched the leaves and brush, yet I did not see him again and began to fear my hunt would be a failure from the standpoint of an avowed turkey seeker.

I had to be home Christmas, so the morning of the twenty-third I started out to make my last tramp and pick up my traps. There was a depth of feeling welling up within me as I wandered those woods that last day. They had been kind to me, they had been cheerful companions, they had given me food, fuel and water, had communed with me when the winds whispered through the branches, and as I noted these lofty trees with their scarred and maimed forms I felt a homesick longing when I realized I might never see them again. If such sentiments are effeminate I plead guilty, but I love the woods, the big, big woods and I will always look back upon that camp in those same woods as one of the happiest incidents of my little life.

In the center of the timber near a little pond or depression was a large up-rooted tree with the roots twisted and interlocked with the earth still clinging and a hollow had been formed where the roots had been. I had a trap set here for a mink whose trail and den could be seen leading down into the earth. I had taken the trap up and

sprung it when I heard a pat-pat on the dead leaves, and slowly raising my eyes without moving my body so as to see through a hole in the massed and entangled roots—visions of Nimrod—there, not thirty yards away, stood my turkey, an old he-gobbler, in all his bronzed finery and gallant pride.

But why continue—slowly, carefully the rifle was brought to bear through the protecting roots, the little white bead of the front sight rested on a bright eye, a twitch of the trigger finger, a proud head thrown loosely backward, a spasmodic struggle to regain equilibrium, a total collapse—my quest was ended.

A Yearning.

Backward, turn backward, oh, time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight;
Show me the jam on the top pantry shelf,
Please let me smear it all over myself.
Lead me once more to the green apple tree,
Bring back the pains that in youth tackled me;
Put me again, Mother, over your lap,
Give me a rap, Mother—give me a rap!

No one has whipped me in thirty-odd years.
Not a darned soul has been boxing my ears;
No one has said: "Don't you do that again."
I miss those joys that I knew when but ten,
I miss Mother's words: "Son, I am shocked,"
I miss the closet in which I was locked.
Backward, turn backward, oh, time, in thy flight,
Wallop me, Mother, dear; wallop me right!
—B. H. P.

From One in Far Siberia.

The following letter from Superintendent A. C. Peterson, now with the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, will be read with much interest by his friends on the Milwaukee:

"In Siberia, September 18, 1919.

"My Dear Mr. Gillick:

"We are still holding fast in Siberia, but for what period or to what end I am unable to say. The Reds are numerous in the section in which I am located and are raiding the railway quite frequently, derailing trains, burning stations and interfering with the traffic to quite an extent. From all appearances we are sitting on a volcano and the lid is liable to blow off any day.

"As far as our work is concerned, we are doing very little, being hindered at every turn by the officials, who through jealousy and for personal reasons desire no change in the method of operation and who apparently would much rather sacrifice their country and nation than to allow any change to be brought around that would in any way reflect on their former methods or destroy the prestige which they have enjoyed for so long a period. Confronted with a situation of this kind you may readily imagine the difficulties encountered and how extremely unsatisfactory it is for us.

"During the past three months, the bulk of the business handled by this railroad, has been refugees coming from eastern Russia and western Si-

beria; people driven from their homes by the Bolshevik drive and they are still coming strong. Most of them are in freight cars with what few belongings they were able to gather up in their hurried flight. Many are clad in nothing but rags and have nothing except a bag or bundle containing all their belongings. Many are without shoes and some of the women and children are wearing but one garment, some of which are made of burlap or old discarded sacking. All they have to eat is black bread and they beg a good deal of that. Beggars are to be met everywhere.

"A few days ago I noticed a train consisting entirely of flat cars on which the refugees had constructed shelters of slabs, sheet iron, burlap and other old material they had been fortunate enough to gather up and were moving eastward in those improvised quarters. An old automobile on a flat car housed an entire family, a stove had been erected in the auto, the pipe of which extended through the top. From all appearances they were quite comfortable with the curtains drawn and fastened down. There were three loads of street car bodies in the same train, all of which were occupied as living quarters. As far as transportation is concerned, it's Hobson's choice. It's not a question of comfort but simply how to get out.

"Sanitary trains evacuating the sick and wounded soldiers from the front pass daily. A sorry looking lot. Dirty, insufficiently clothed and underfed, afflicted with typhus, dysentery and all the ailments human flesh is heir to. Such are the sights that pass before us day after day and week after week. It is simply a moving panorama of want and misery. The situation has settled down to what appears to be a war of extermination. It's a tragedy, an awful tragedy.

"On the 15th, inst., I left Tomsk for the east and when I reached Taiga the news was received that a passenger train had been wrecked by the Reds about sixty versts east of that point. I boarded a relief train and reached the scene at daylight and found that the Reds had removed a rail and derailed an east bound passenger train. Eighteen cars were derailed, twelve of which were totally demolished. Eighty-five passengers seriously injured and twenty-four bodies were found in the wreckage. Today, or rather at 3:30 a. m. this morning, the Reds repeated the performance and wrecked a train seven versts east of my headquarters. Forty-two cars and two locomotives are lying down the dump. Without a steam crane it is a slow job to keep the debris cleaned up.

"A short time ago it looked as though it would necessary for us to get out, but the situation has changed lately and as a result we are still hanging on. How long we will be able to do so, it is difficult to say. For my part I am ready to start at any time and will not feel peeved in the least when the word comes to evacuate.

"It may be that it will be impossible for me to start before next spring as the indications now are that we will remain here all winter, but the situation may change at any moment in which event the program would be changed and we would undoubtedly start sooner.

"Understand there is a good deal of unrest among the railway workers in the states which I regret very much to hear. If those men could only have a taste of Siberia, they would have an entirely different feeling as far as salaries and working conditions in the states are concerned.

"In this country a laboring man always remains a laboring man and receives barely enough wages to buy bread and very little clothing. No such thing as promotion for the rank and file. Official positions filled altogether by graduates from colleges. Practical experience unnecessary as far as official positions are concerned. The trainmen ride outside from terminal to terminal and it sometimes results in death from freezing. Caboose or shelter for the trainmen is unheard of. Their position is out on the car platform and there they are compelled to ride during their trip. The officials were horrified when the matter of cabooses were mentioned. What! they said, furnish the trainmen with a private car? Such a thing could not be considered. That's their way of looking at it.

"I'm finishing this letter on my way east and if we don't land outside of the right of way before I have an opportunity to mail it, it will reach you all right.

"Kindest regards,

"A. C. PETERSON."



Power Line Tangent Over Snoqualmie Tunnel.

Opening the New Electrification District.

On November 11th, just at dusk, the first of the electric motors destined for service in the new electrification district between Othello and the Puget Sound Terminals shot the long rays of its powerful headlight along the rails of the Coast Division as it wound up the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, gliding along under its own power and pulling a special consisting of Superintendent Dow's business car and a caboose carried for the purpose of inspection of the trolley alignment by the electrical engineers, from enpola. In the party assembled to watch the electrification tests were: Chief Electrical Engineer R. E. Boeuwkes, Superintendent of Electric Construction F. B. Walker, Assistant Engineer R. E. Wade, Superintendent F. E. Dow, Assistant Superintendent Wm. Ennis, Traveling Engineer George Spaulding, District Master Mechanic Wright, of Tacoma; R. A. Nofke, of the Locomotive Maintenance Department; W. F. Koors, Instructor in Motor Operation; W. L. Hubbard, General Substation Foreman, and F. L. Travenner, General Line Foreman.

The big two-unit motor which had been sent over from Deer Lodge is one which has been in the Rocky Mountain and Missoula Divisions service and it arrived at Kittitas, Washington, early in the morning of the 11th, ready for the test over the Cascades. While its appearance was not altogether a new sight on the Columbia Division, for there has been electric helper service on the Saddle Mountains for some weeks past, the fact that it was on a pioneer trip to the west, occasioned much interest as it got under way for the try-out.

The run from Kittitas across the valley and up the east slope of the range to Hyak,

the east entrance to Snoqualmie Tunnel, entirely under its own power, was accomplished without a hitch. The locomotive was run over all the passing tracks as well as the main line, and everything was found to be in the perfect working order which had been previously indicated by certain preliminary tests made before the motor arrived. These tests were made by starting the machinery in two substations, bringing first one and then the other up to 3000 volts; after which the trolley to one of the substations was closed and the in-coming voltage at the other substation checked with its own voltage, adjusting the latter so that the two were equal. Then one of the substations, running in the normal manner of generating current for the operation of trains, was made to furnish current to the other substation by reducing the latter's voltage until the current flowing into the second substation had reached the value desired. In that manner a full load test on the substations and the trolley system was arrived at without any locomotives running over the system.

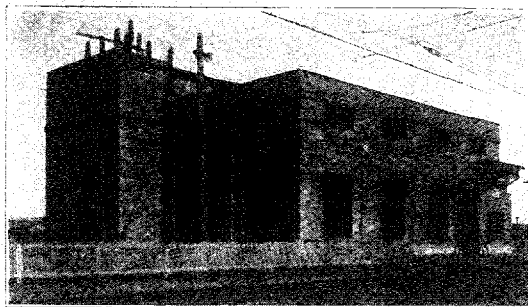
As the trial trip proceeded, stops were made at Kittitas, Cle-Elum and Hyak substations for inspection of the machinery, then, leaving Hyak, the big motor started on the three-mile stretch of Snoqualmie Tunnel, arriving at Rockdale, the west portal, where the special tied up for the night. The next morning the trip was continued down the west slope of the Cascades with the same satisfactory results as the day before, with all parts of the electrification system found fit and ready for service.

As soon as the party arrived at Cedar Falls, the motor was attached to a train of 1,400 tons and returned with it up the mountains to Hyak, running at a speed of approximately 15 miles per hour. This test was also successful in every particular. On the return down the mountain to Cedar Falls, the motor was coupled to a steam engine that was dead-heading back to Cedar Falls, and it "re-generated", which means that it generated and returned current to the company's line instead of using power from the power company's line.

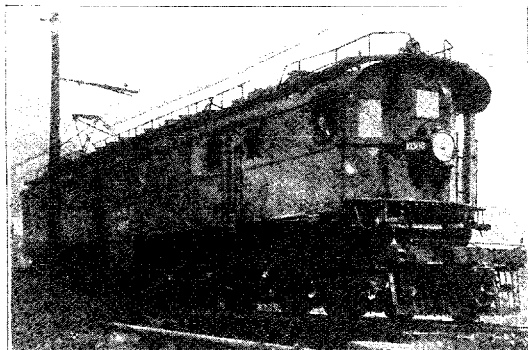
During the initial test, it was found that the trolley lines, which have been up for some time, had accumulated soot and dirt from the steam locomotives that have been passing over the rails, causing some sparking at the pantograph shoes and eating away more or less the copper contact strips. This condition will of course be overcome as the trolley lines are brought into use.

The motor making this test is now in regular freight helper service on the Cascade Mountains. As fast as the new motors which are now under construction by the General Electric and Westinghouse Companies, are received, electrical train operation will supersede steam in the new 208 mile electrification district and the steam locomotives that are relieved from service on that part of the railroad will be sent to other divisions.

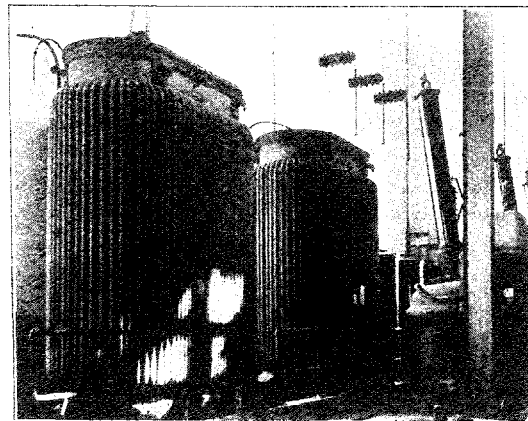
The first new passenger locomotives were shipped from the General Electric Company Shops at Erie, Pa., on November 12th and the first of the Westinghouse locomotives



Substation No. 23, Kittitas, Washington.



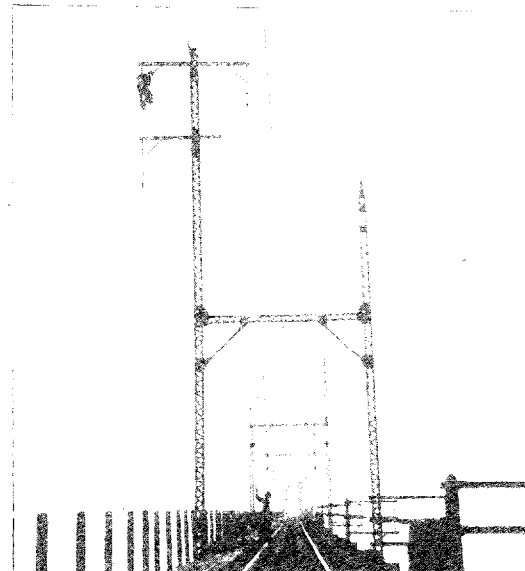
New Ten Quill Type Westinghouse Locomotive.



Transformer and Oil Switches, Kittitas Substation.



Bungalows of Substation Operators, Kittitas, Washington.



Erecting the Power Line on Columbia River Bridge.



Westinghouse Motor Generator, Substation No. 23, Kittitas, Washington.

started westward about November 20th.

Of this new Electrification District, it may be said that its general character is similar to that used in Montana and Idaho, with certain modifications and changes suggested by the experience gained in the operation of the Rocky Mountain District. The differences are notably: The locomotives for passenger service are the G. E. bi-polar type, having a total weight on the drivers of, approximately, 265 tons and capacity sufficient to haul a twelve-car train over the mountain grades at a speed of 25 miles per hour. Locomotives for freight service are provided by changing the gear of the present passenger locomotives used on the Rocky Mountain and Missouri Divisions. In their places on those two divisions Westinghouse ten-

quill type locomotives will be used for passenger service, with approximately the same weight and capacity as the G. E. bi-polar type above referred to.

Of the eight substations in the new Electrification District, the three most easterly—those at Tamton, Doris and Kittitas—are equipped with apparatus manufactured by the Westinghouse Electric Company; while those on the Coast Division, viz., Old Blaine, Hyak, Cedar Falls, Renton and Tacoma Junction have apparatus manufactured by the General Electric Company.

There are some interesting new features of this apparatus which will be pointed out more at length in a future number of the Magazine.

Briefly, they consist of air-operated high-speed circuit breaker, flash suppressors, long-

gap feeder switches and a new type of power indicating and limiting system. The high-speed circuit breakers are installed in the circuits of the individual motor-generator sets in the General Electric sub-stations and the so-called flash-over suppressors are connected to each of the motor-generators in the sub-stations containing the Westinghouse apparatus. The function of these breakers and suppressors is to limit the current flowing from the direct current generators, in case of short circuit, to an amount which can be easily handled by the regular switchboard breaker and which is not sufficient to cause flash-over. The horn-gap feeder switches are outside the sub-station, installed in the direct current feeder circuit so as to permit cutting off at any substation, the flow of current from adjacent sub-stations in case of short circuit or trouble at the switchboard of the station in question. These switches are capable of opening a circuit carrying a current of over 7,000 amperes at 3,000 volts.

Power for the new district is supplied over two transmission lines; one, 113 miles long, running from the Long Lake plant of the Washington Water Power Company, northwest of Spokane, to the Taunton sub-station, and the other, ten miles long running from the Snoqualmie Plant of the Puget Sound Traction, Light and Power Company to Cedar Falls and Renton sub-stations. These lines connect with the railroad's high tension line, from which the power is distributed to other sub-stations.

Appointments:

Effective October 18th:

E. F. Rummell, appointed acting superintendent of Twin City Terminals, vice G. A. VanDyke assigned to other duties.

M. T. Skewes appointed acting trainmaster of River Division with headquarters at Minneapolis, vice E. F. Rummell, temporarily assigned to other duties.

Effective November 15th:

C. L. Whiting appointed superintendent of the Trans-Missouri Division with headquarters at Mobridge, vice A. E. Campbell, resigned.

H. M. Gillick appointed superintendent of the Northern Montana Division, with headquarters at Lewistown, vice C. L. Whiting, transferred.

H. F. Gibson appointed trainmaster of the Aberdeen Division, with headquarters at Aberdeen, S. D., vice H. M. Gillick, promoted.

Effective November 24th:

A. J. Hasenbalg appointed superintendent of the Dubuque Division, with headquarters at Dubuque, vice W. M. Thurber, transferred.

W. M. Thurber appointed superintendent of the I. & D. Division, with headquarters at Mason City, vice H. H. Ober, assigned to other duties.

W. G. Bowen appointed trainmaster of the LaCrosse Division, with headquarters at Portage, Wis., vice A. J. Hasenbalg, promoted.

D. A. Gibson appointed trainmaster of the I. & D. Division, with headquarters at Murdo, Mackenzie, S. D., having jurisdiction over the line, Chamberlain to Rapid City.

"As Unto One of the Least of These"

Nora B. Sill.

McGaffey crossed over the tracks toward the roundhouse to where Sandy was washing his overclothes.

He had been called to deadhead on fifteen, and the callboy, being a real one, there was time for a bit of talk; for a pipeful of tobacco, and Sandy with his washing.

When men wash their overclothes they **wash** them. Many there are who look on and give advice, but as is the way of advice givers the world over, little heed is paid them. However there is much water, hot and cold, with soap aplenty and perhaps a tin can punched full of holes on the end of a long stick, but the plain blue and the blue and white striped garments that have brought the trains in on time and otherwise since trains were first brought in, come out of the tub clean and shining. They may hang over board, or wire fences, out of cab windows, or over dry goods boxes, in a way to break the heart of the careful housewife, but in the end they are clean, and so McGaffey on the footboard, knowing this, looked on with a shade less of interest than did those others; but seeing Sandy wash, you would know that even McGaffey would watch him.

* * * * *

An eastbound freight train climbing slowly toward the top of the Continental Divide rounded a curve, getting the last view of that wonderland which in daylight becomes as other cities; but where, like lanterns hung for a festival, the are lights glowed in a glimpse of fairyland that is Butte at night time, against the hills, seen from the Janney sub-station.

Below them a tiny creek, that in summer washed its eternal lace over smooth brown stones, and gossiped somnolently was, now, unlike most other gossips, frozen into silence. Pine trees, tall and very wise, like sentinels all the long night through watching those twinkling lights back there upon the hills, stood black against the mountain side. Along the track were patches of snow and higher up, near the quiet sky

where the Christmas stars were shining, it lay deep and very white in the moonlight.

Perhaps when the engineer first saw it, he might have thought it some distant signal or the moving lantern of a lonely trackwalker, but the fireman and McGaffey's head brakeman both knew it to be a campfire, and drawing closer, saw in the silent brooding figure beside it, a woman, old and alone at night, along the track.

Afterward McGaffey said "it was a piece of dam foolishness stoppin' on a grade like that, they might have got every lung in the train," but the bunch grinned, remembering his coming up to the head end, and being the first of all, to ask for the woman's story, knowing that she would be walking that Christmas eve only because of an empty pocketbook—McGaffey would never admit it, of course, but they told, too, who bought her ticket and her breakfast and put her on board the limited east-bound, homeward, where children and grandchildren would welcome her on Christmas day.

* * * * *

When Sandy splashed some water across his shoes McGaffey took his pipe out of his mouth and stood up. His eyes were merry as always and his pipe as odorous. Presently he laughed.

"I was wonderin'," he said after a moment of silence, "if after all when folks get to bein' sort of ungrateful over one thing an' another, an' kickin' like maybe I was yesterday, 'count of not havin' enough to do, I reckon maybe things like that old woman tramp is sent along to sort of make you ashamed of yourself, an' more'n likely to make you find out things ain't half as bad as you was thinkin' they was," and reaching down he scratched a match along the plank of the footboard where he had been sitting. Holding it over the bowl of his pipe, he continued.

"All afternoon I was thinkin' what a hard time of it I was havin' an' kickin' about things that maybe kickin' might help and maybe not," and he tossed the burned match end into the tub of overclothes before him. "When that woman with what English she had, got through

tellin' us her hard luck story they wasn't any of our little family circle knew what a calamity was before," and he put his pipe back again into his mouth.

Sandy turned the water out of the tub onto the ground and some of the overclothes along with it, but he knew and the onlookers knew that greasy overclothes put into water and washed as those had been washed, would look like new on the backs of their rightful owners aboard some west bound motor: for McGaffey and the switch engine and Sandy's washing were in the yards at Harlowton, where east meets west in the wedding of steam and electricity, and where, as in few other terminals in the world, those men from the west climb down out of their motors and hand the trains over to the east bound brothers, joking over coal blackened clothes, but withal a bit of longing in their hearts, they being true railroad men, for the sound of a steam whistle and the light of the open firebox on their faces through the night.

Fifteen's whistle sounded at the end of the yard and McGaffey reached for his bag beside Sandy's wash tub. Putting his pipe again into his mouth he turned toward the row of lights that marked the station platform. But McGaffey, smoking, thought not at all of fifteen's whistle, nor perhaps of his pipe of pleasant tobacco, for his eyes were on a motor on a nearby track, his thoughts on a story of yesterday, and a long forgotten parable "As unto one of the least of these, so unto me."

A Dinner Dance.

To All Members of the 13th Engineers.

U. S. A.:

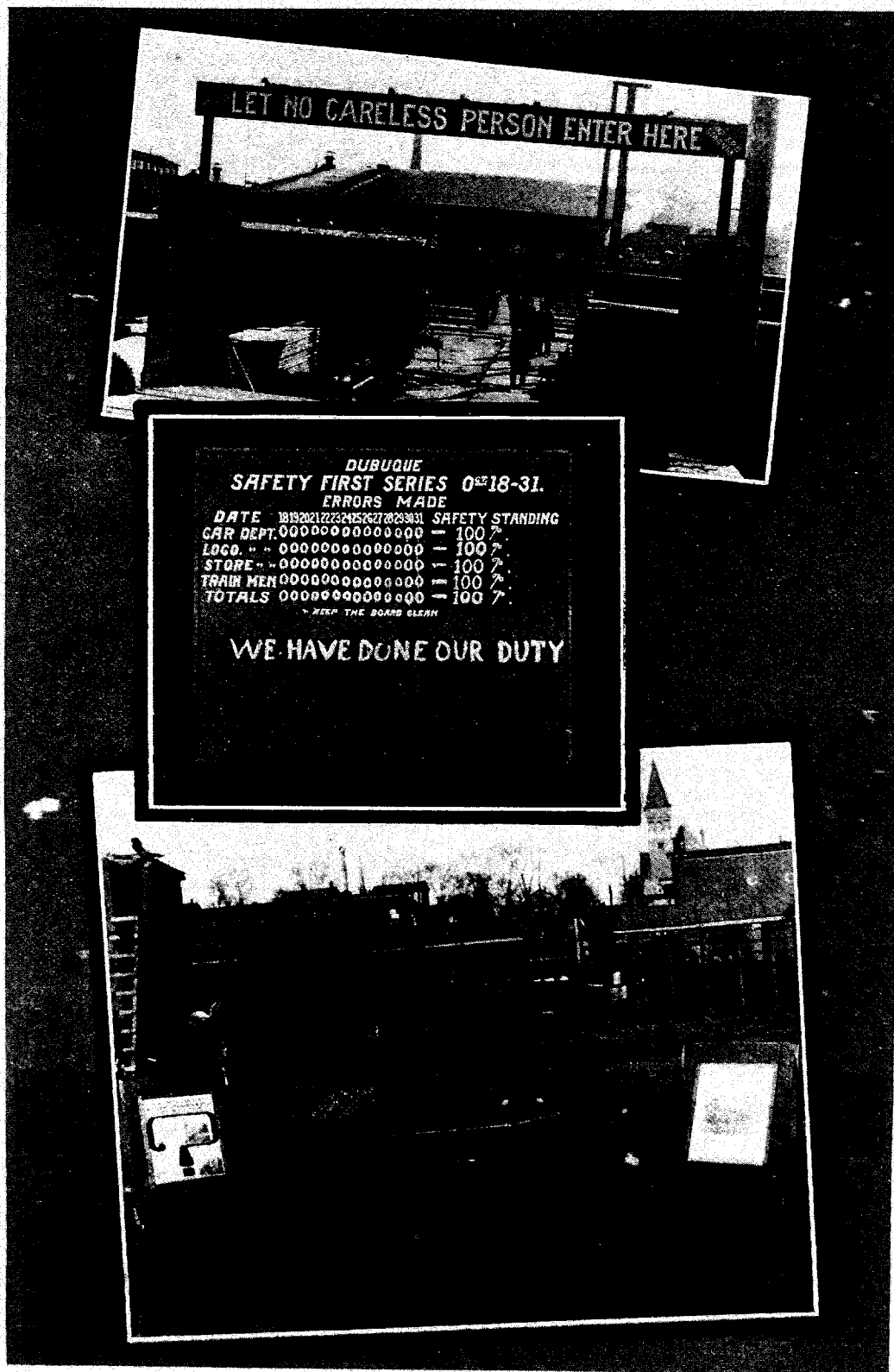
A dinner dance will be given by the "Trezieme Club" of the 13th Engineers, on the 9th floor of the Hamilton Club, 20 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, December 20, 1919.

Mess call will sound at 6:30 p. m., and you will be expected there at that hour with your "cherie," wife or sweetheart. Mess kits will not be necessary—they will be furnished for \$2.50 each.

Make reservations by return mail to E. J. Carr, Secretary, 5215 Kimbark Avenue, or J. A. Castagnino, Treasurer, room 1118, 29 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

E. J. CARR.

Local 16,
Wabash 2200.



Some of Dubuque Shops Program and the Results in the No Accident Drive

Safety First

A. W. Smallen, General Chairman

No-Accident Drive Successful.

The results of the No-Accident Drive all over the country, and particularly on our railroad, prove conclusively that the so-called avoidable accidents are unnecessary; that chance-taking is an evil which may be stamped out if men put their minds to it. A sturdy old New England father of long-ago, with a flock of hopefuls growing up about him, was wont to put "grit" into their energies and determination into their souls, by telling his lads and lassies they could do anything on earth if they would "make up their minds to do it". To make up his mind strong is the great thing; and it is exactly what a man needs to do nowadays when the tendency is to look out for number one, and let the Devil catch the hindmost. A man who makes up his mind as he goes to the work in the morning, that he will keep himself and his co-workers out of trouble, and then keeps a corner of his mind set right there, will soon grow into the habit, after which the accident list will go glimmering, and the claim agent will be out of a job. Hard on the claim agent, perhaps, but possibly the G. M. will find something else for him to do. Anyway it is proven that the gospel "You gotta take a chance" is false teaching, and there's no earthy reason why the results obtained in the nation-wide No-Accident Drive should not be the constant daily result on all railroads; but as we are speaking for "our" railroad in particular, with the splendid record we obtained, there can't be any legitimate excuse for showing a less percentage in the general annual roundup.

Dubuque Shops 100 Per Cent.

Charles A. Wright.

Say! Did you fellows over the System hear about Dubuque Shops in the Safety First Drive?

Well, it won't take long to tell you. Simply 100 per cent. Enough said.

I do want to say just this much, though, and that is this: when the large home product paintings were hung up in the machine shop showing one fellow with his eye knocked out for the want of wearing goggles, and another with his leg cut off because he failed to observe the safety first rules, it made my backbone feel cold. But when I went up into the repair yard, where Jones was lying in state, and found a real casket standing on two horses, and covered with withered wreaths, I want to say, brothers, that after seeing these things, a bolt or nut lying on the floor looked as big as a barrel to me.

We must give great credit to M. Parkinson, our master car builder, for his good work in keeping before the minds of the men, the necessity of being careful. His ideas of the paintings and the casket were original and they played a psychological role in the safety first drive, which resulted in Dubuque Shops running from October 18th to 31st without an accident.

On the opposite page are illustrated some of Mr. Parkinson's clever devices to bring home the No Accident Drive to the men of the Dubuque Shops. With what splendid results, the 100 per cent showing is the answer.

Congratulations From the Regional Director.

Following is a letter from the regional director to Federal Manager Greer, congratulating the Milwaukee Road on its splendid record in the No Accident Drive. It will be seen we achieved honorable mention:

November 14th, 1919.

"My Dear Mr. Greer:

"Statistics were furnished me by the Safety Section today showing the record made by the roads assigned to the Northwestern Region in connection with the National Railroad Accident Prevention Drive, and while, in view of that information the award of the Safety Banner to the road employing two thousand or more men has been awarded to the Southern Pacific Railroad, Lines North of Ashland, I desire to speak of the fact that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad reduced its employe casualties 75.7% on this basis, making the largest reduction of any of the major roads in this region.

"Because of these facts, I desire to give honorable mention to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and to assure you of my great personal appreciation of the results which were obtainable by the officers and employees of your railroad in the conservation of lives and limbs of Milwaukee men during the drive.

"Yours very truly.

"(signed) R. H. Aishton."

"Mr. B. B. Greer, Federal Manager.

"Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.

"Chicago, Illinois."

To All Officials and Employees:

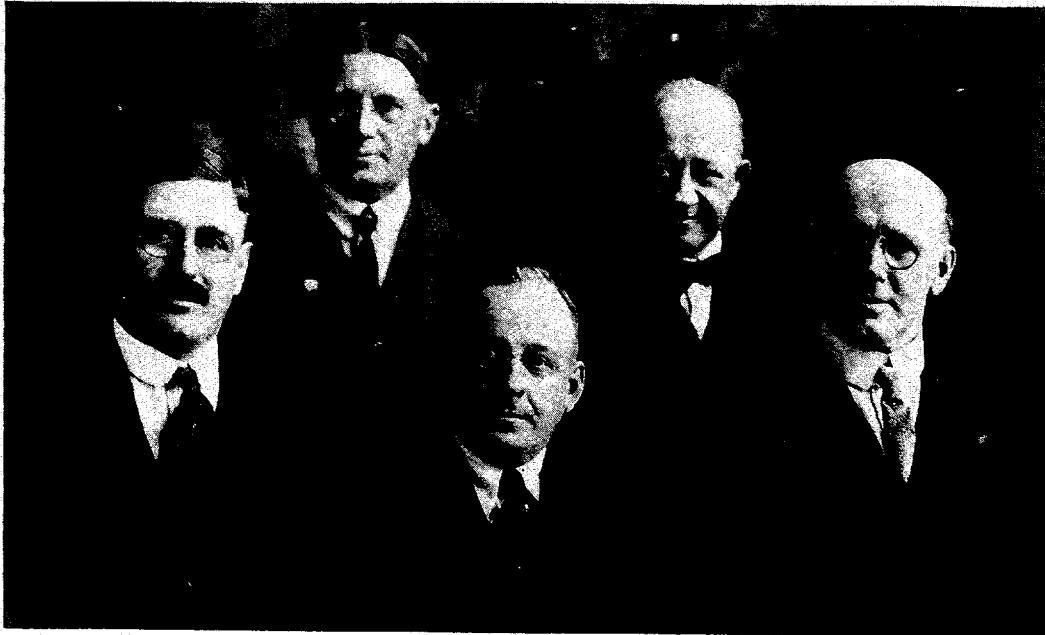
The Safety Department and I, personally, wish to extend heartiest congratulations to you all for the wonderful spirit that was displayed in the recent No Accident Campaign. The Milwaukee Road has been showing such a pleasing decrease in deaths and injuries for the last three years that we had high hopes for this campaign, and wish to say that our highest hopes were realized in the wonderful way the men took hold and went "Over the Top" for this drive. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad now stands at the head of all Class 1 railroads in the Northwestern Region with 10,000 employees and over. Knowing that our road is the largest railroad in the United States, having approximately 71,500 employees and nearly 11,000 miles of track, this record is something that every one of us should feel especially proud of and wish to have continue in the future.

Besides the glory of having a wonderful record, the good that a decrease of this kind brings can only be imagined. The great saving in life and limb of yourself and your fellow workers, the happiness in the home life kept intact, making the little ones sure

their "Daddy Will Come Home", and the satisfaction to yourself of drawing full time on pay day. It is well to remember that when a railroad man takes chances, the lives and limbs of human beings are the stakes. Every man who gambles loses sometimes, generally many times, but you can't afford to lose once.

Again thanking you for the keen interest you took in this great humanitarian drive, and hoping that you will make each day in the future an individual "No Accident Campaign" with as much success as you achieved in the national one.

A. W. SMALLEN,
General Supervisor, Safety and Fire Prevention.



The General Safety Supervisor and District Inspectors, C. M. & St. P. Ry.
Standing—M. E. Hogan, Wm. Cobb. Sitting—A. L. Jackson, A. W. Smallen, J. F. Kane.

The Punch in the Pinch.

Who cares if he's stalwart and able and fit?
Who cares if he's clever—a bit of a wit?
When there's someone on bases we want him to hit.

That's a cinch.

He may be a jolly companion at lunch,
Or good at a bargain—but still I've a hunch
It's back to the mines if he lacks the punch
In the pinch.

Who cares if he's been forty years in the game
And knows all the ins and outs of the same,
There are times when the business needs more
Than a name.

That's a cinch.

We want—not a man who can holler and bellow,
And not a mere jokester and jolly good fellow—
We want to be sure that the yap won't be yellow
When it comes to the pinch.

What odds does it make that he owns wads of
Money?

What odds that the man's disposition is sunny?
If he tries now and then to pull off something
Funny?

It's a cinch.

We want no four-flusher, whose courage is
Cracked,
And many a guy on the job has been sacked
Cause when needed the most we found that he
Lacked.

The punch in the pinch.

The thing that goes the farthest to make life
Worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just
A pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves
Its fellow men,

Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax
The sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with genial
Kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars, yet it doesn't cost
A cent.

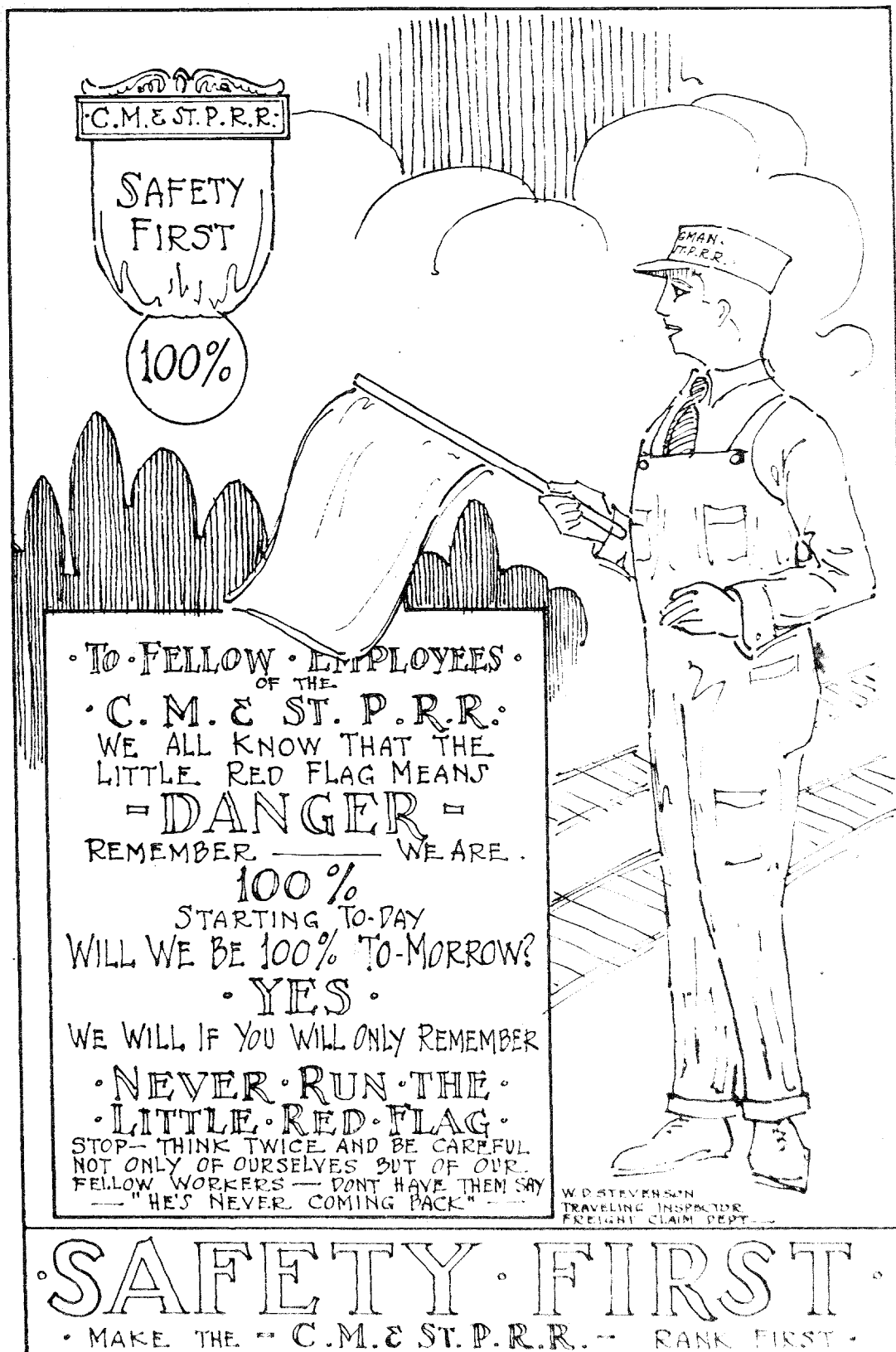
Don't drop your chin! Look up and grin!
There's a lot of fellows like you,
Whom fate can down with a single frown,
Who shrink from a knock or two.
Brace up and smile, and all the while
Be determined not to run—
But to stick and fight each day and night,
Though a bare toe hold be won.
Just stick out your chin, and acquire a grin!
Don't whine, whatever you do!
Each good hard knock means a block of stock
In the Bank of Success for you!

B. H. P.

Obituary.

On Sunday, November 16th, occurred the death of W. H. Norris, veteran attorney of the Milwaukee Railway, at Minneapolis. Mr. Norris was 87 years old, a native of the State of Maine, and a resident of Minneapolis for nearly forty years. He was a widely known attorney and during the years of his connection with this company, saw and participated in much legal work coincident to the expansion and building of the road.

He is survived by his son, Harriman Norris, and two daughters, Miss Georgia and Mrs. Ryder of Kansas City, Mo. Funeral services were held from the family residence and burial was at Minneapolis.



The Only Dope.

Rutledge Hill.

"I don't care if he is Em'ly's beau, you got no business going out with him in any automobile 'n I won't stand for it, neither. First thing when I come outa the round-house, Dorsey says to me, 'Seen your wife out'n swell little cheese cutter last night,' 'n I says——"

"'Spose Busybody Dorsey never said anything about Em'ly being along, did he?"

"No, he never. I ain't got anybody's word for that but yours. Now, I'm, tellin' you, you cut it out——"

"I'd be ashamed of myself to get jealous over nothing like that——"

"Jealous! Me——jealous! Ha! Ha! That's good. Jealous of a jane with a map like yours!"

"Huh! I ain't noticed your snapshot in any movie contest, neither! And you got no license to hawl me out just because me and Emily rode home from town with Paul Turner. Nobody but a jealous-hearted guy like you'd ever think of startin' anything over it, either. He ast us like a gentleman, and what was we to do? Jump on his neck because he showed more manners than we was used to at home? I——"

"Aw, fer Heaven's sake, can that what-was-we-to-do stuff. I'm telling you what to do next time. You take your jitney and come home on the street car. What was we to do? No woman could put anything over on me. If youda been minding your own business——"

"Is—that—so? I suppose you're a little angel on wheels. Boo-hoo——"

"Gosh A'mighty, there's no use tryin' to reason with a woman. It simply can't be done."

The door slammed and Harry Gordon swung angrily down the street, muttering to himself about the extreme difficulty of reasoning with women. Sobbing noisily, his wife mechanically gathered up the pieces of a blue and white stein that had plunged to destruction from the narrow plate-rail when the door was so forcibly closed.

"He's got a terrible temper," she soliloquized. "Makin' me extra work, too," she added, indignantly, gazing with tearful pride at the neat room.

There was no trace of dust on the geometrically arranged furniture and a pleasantly pungent odor of a well-advertised furniture polish pervaded the air. "Cupid Awake" and "Cupid Asleep" and several gay-colored calendars brightened the walls at intervals. The thin curtains were adorned with handmade lace of striking design, although a keen observer might have detected in it many imperfections, bearing pathetic evidence of young fingers more skilled in factory tasks than dainty needlework.

But the windows were dull with an oily film of smoke. Rose looked at them and sighed. She tried very hard, but she could not keep the windows clean. For the genuine railroad man must spend his whole existence, working and playing, living and dying, where he may hear the hoarse cries

of his beloved engines and smell their bitter breath; he lulled to his sleep by the clicking of wheels, and awakened by the same music. And, as every woman knows, it's very hard to keep windows clean when one lives near the "yards."

Her gaze wandered to the neat pile of technical magazines on the table, periodicals filled with uninteresting diagrams and endless pages of dull stuff about boiler pressure, valves and oils. Discontent dried her tears and put a little frown on her face. Harry wanted always to stay home and read, read; didn't even like a "movie", unless it was Charlie Chaplin. Then he got peeved just because she rode home from town once in an automobile. She meditated for a few moments, then went to the telephone:

"Vernon 9196?"

"Is that you, Emily? How are you? Oh, honey, I'm just so blue, for two cents I'd jump in the river."

"Harry's terrible sore about our auto ride yesterday afternoon."

"Silly! Of course he's silly, and I told him so, but that only made him madder than ever."

"Yes, he is fierce at times. If he had married some girls...."

"Em'ly, I want you should help me learn him a lesson. Will you?"

"It won't be much for you to do. Just call him up and kid him—not let on who you are—make a date with him, or somethin'...."

"You can change your voice a little, and he'll never recognize you...."

"But if I could just get something on him you see I'd have a come-back when he gets so mean and suspicious over nothing."

"Oh, come on Emily. Sure you will. You're the best friend I got. Oh, gee, here he comes now. Call him up right away, honey. 'By.'"

Rose greeted her husband with chilling dignity and went to the kitchen where she began preparing supper. A gentle sadness now possessed her, and little tears kept stealing out of the corners of her eyes. "It's because he loves me so," she mused sentimentally, and became so absorbed in this pleasing reverie she did not hear the telephone bell ring. Suddenly she stiffened. Harry was speaking to someone over the wire.

"—— at Second and Dayton, you say? Oh, yes, I know.... You bet I won't forget.... what time'd you say? Eight o'clock, eh? Pretty early, ain't it? 'Right. 'By.'"

They ate their supper in silence. Rose was nervous and unhappy. Several times she was on the point of confessing her little plot to Harry. Then she would steal a glance at him to find him smiling cheerfully to himself, as if he had a pleasant secret, and be so shaken with anger and jealousy she would determine that "she'd show him."

At half-past seven, he threw down the evening paper, put on his hat, and went out. She wandered restlessly from one window to another, tried to read, took a few stitches in her crochet work, laid it down. "Em'ly's awful pretty.... He took her to three dances before we was married.... She thinks all the men are crazy about her.... I was a fool to

trust her...." Not even pausing for a wrap, she walked quickly out of the house and along the few squares to Dayton Street.

She slipped into the darkened doorway of the little bakery where, unseen, she could watch the drug-store across the street, and the brightly lighted corner.

Harry was not to be seen; her breath came in a relieved little gasp. But there stood Emily, deliciously blonde and wonderfully attractive in her new velvet tam and much-befurred coat. Obviously, she was waiting for someone. She sauntered up and down, gazing occasionally with evident boredom at the druggist's striking window display for a new cold cure; frequently giving impatient glances up and down the street.

Rose watched her, trembling. No tears now. Just a dreadful pounding of her heart and her cold little hands shut very tight.

Emily pushed back her fur cuff and looked at her wrist watch. Rose could see the clock in the drug store. It was eight o'clock. She came out of her hiding place and crossed the street. Emily was once more inspecting the window display and did not turn until Rose seized her arm.

"I'd thank you to leave my husband be."

"Why, Rose, what do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean.... Makin' dates with my husband, and you claimin' to be my best friend!"

"But, Rose...."

"When I ast you to call him up, I meant to call him as a joke, not go makin' dates and fillin' 'em.... You—you—two-faced.."

"Rose Gordon, you're a jealous cat. Leave go my arm! I certn'y am sorry for Harry. I didn't even call him up; I never meant to, and I was tellin' you so when you hung up on me. An' now, if you'll excuse me, I'll join Corporal Turner."

A trim youth in khaki was approaching in breathless haste, his lately barbered countenance and glittering shoes giving mute excuse for his tardiness. As Emily turned to meet him, she glanced back over her shoulder and exclaimed with fine dramatic effect. "From now on, Rose, you and me are strangers!"

Rose crept slowly home, crestfallen, now convinced, now doubting. Harry was reading by the light of the gorgeous gas-lamp, purchased last pay-day.

"Where was you?" she demanded, leaning against the door.

"Me? Oh, I went over to the round house to see some of the boys 'bout buyin' a wedding present for 'Smoky' Griffith. He's gettin' married tomorrow morning at eight o'clock."

"Oh, eight o'clock," stupidly.

"Yep, he called me just before supper. They're gonna live in that flat over the drug-store at Second and Dayton."

"Ain't that nice!"

"I says to him, 'Kid, you're doing the right thing. Married life's the only dope.' An' it is, ain't it, honey?"

"Yes, Harry."

"What makes you look so long-faced, Rosie?"

"I-I-- Emily and me— we had a fuss."

"Aw, cheer up. You'll make it up. You always do. What you standin' up for?" He patted the arm of the big Morris chair. "There—you comfortable?"

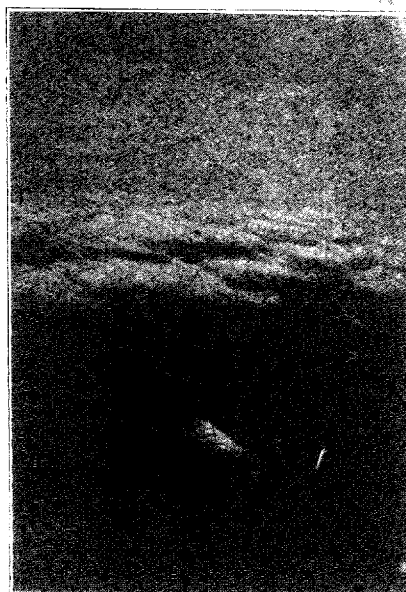
She slipped her arm over his shoulders.

"We'll ask Smoky and his wife up to supper some night, Harry."

"Yes, honey.... Married life's the only dope."

A Trip by Air Plane from Madison, Wis., to Milwaukee Taken by Prairie du Chien Division Conductor.
Chas. A. Taylor.

In September it was my privilege to make a trip by air plane from Madison to Milwaukee, a distance of ninety miles "air line", with C. P. Olenson of McGregor, Iowa, the youngest aviator in the United States. He received his pilot license at the age of 17 years, he was too young to go to France and was kept in this country as an instructor, serving twenty-one months, receiving his discharge in February, 1919. He then purchased a plane for his own personal use and he has been flying all summer in the state of Iowa. While on his way to Milwaukee, he was overtaken by rainy weather and landed at Mt. Horeb. From there he took the train to Madison and was entertained at my home on West Dayton Street. While he was with us I got the fever to ride in a plane, so Mr. Olenson invited me to accompany him on his trip to Milwaukee. When the weather cleared up, one morning early we made ready for the flight, and got away from Madison about 11:50 a. m. I was a little nervous at first, when I was told to take my seat and was strapped in; but it was not long before the engine was



Above the Clouds between Madison and Milwaukee.

buzzing and we were on our way, climbing up to the air and I never knew when we left the ground. But I looked over the side of the plane and could see the tree tops so I knew we were surely going, and looking back I could see the city of Madison. What a wonderful sight it was. We kept right on climbing higher and higher, so I asked Mr. Olenson how high we were and he said about 2,500 feet. It seemed lots higher to me. I was rather shaky and certainly thought we were three or four miles high. I recalled the pictures I had seen of Mrs. Pinner's plane and I said to myself, "What if this

thing ever dropped." But I had great confidence in Mr. Olenson, and soon, I somehow forgot to be afraid and was taking pictures. It kept me busy changing films as we had two cameras and we kept them clicking all the time.

When about thirty, or forty miles from Madison and about 5,000 feet high I looked down to see if I could tell where we were, but I was lost. We flew over lots of villages and it did not seem more than fifteen minutes until we could see Lake Michigan. We were above the clouds most of the way and we arrived over Milwaukee at about 12:40 p. m. at a height of 7,000 feet. I threw off a letter to my wife which I had written on the way, and sure enough, someone found it and was good enough to mail it, so it was there when I arrived home the next evening.

We flew about over Milwaukee for twenty minutes, and finding a good landing field, we started to go down. We dropped about five to six hundred feet at a time at least it seemed that far to me, and right at that point I thought I was going to be seasick; but that feeling didn't last long, and I was all right again, and was soon landed with my feet on the good, old ground again. Then, covering the plane, we took a few more pictures and went on into the city. The first thing I did was to phone my wife that we had landed O. K. It was a very enjoyable trip altogether. We looped the loop and did some other stunts that I can't call by name, and you may be sure I shall never refuse a ride in an air plane if I am ever invited again. It was wonderful—no dust and some speed—90 miles in 30 minutes.

To the Chief Clerks.

There's nothing like a **GOOD BROAD SMILE**
For helping things along.
It makes the darkest places light,
And tunes our souls to song.

There's nothing like a **KINDLY WORD**

For bucking up a guy.
The beaming eye, the friendly grip,
Can help a fellow by.

Greater Production the Need.

Fellow Workman.

It is a moth-eaten truism to say that money, in itself, is not wealth. Gold is valuable only because other people are willing to exchange for it something the holder wants. A man on a desert island, with a ton of gold, would starve to death. The only way to create wealth is to produce it through labor, and with all our unrest and high prices, we, as a people are better off than we ever were before. We have more leisure, comforts and amusements than our progenitors, and this condition has been brought about by the labor of investors, the executive ability of organizers of industry, and, generally, the substitution of mechanical power for manual. By such means, we have gradually reduced the hours of labor from twelve or fourteen a day to approximately eight, and are able to produce necessities and luxuries at a lower actual cost than ever before, to the benefit of every one.

The cotton grower formerly sold a 500-pound bale at 12 cents, netting him \$60. With this amount he could buy eight barrels of flour; then inflation came and the bale was worth \$120, but flour advanced correspondingly; the larger amount still bought only eight barrels, and the transaction, viewed as a matter of straight barter, was the same at each period.

You may ask your merchant, why you have to pay such an exorbitant price for a sack of flour, he will blame the wholesaler,

the wholesaler will blame the miller, the miller will blame the farmer, the farmer will blame the laborer, saying that he demands more for his services, and so we go round and round in an endless circle—wages advance, measured in dollars, and commodities rise in proportion. The farmer gets more for wheat, the miller must charge more for flour, and the consumer must get a higher money wage to pay for the flour. The building trades demand more money and we eventually pay the bill in increased rents.

The cost of living will not come down materially until the finances of the world are readjusted, and the dollar, as a measure of value, will buy more than it will today. It is not probable that we ever shall get back to the pre-war level, but in any event, the readjustment will be slow. Any one who hesitates to build, or make other needed improvements or purchases, under the impression that there will be a decided slump in costs in the near future, is sure to be disappointed. Labor costs being where they are, any decided drop in commodities is out of the question.

The proper thing to do is to forget the high paper costs, adapt ourselves to conditions as they are and bend our energies to the utmost production of such things as our people and the world will require.



Mrs. Anna Schmieg, Depot Janitress, and John Morehead, Platform Sweeper, Savannah, Ill.

Erratum.

The November Magazine showed on page 12, a picture of Milwaukee and O.W. employees at Tacoma on picnic. This was an error. The picnickers are employees of the Milwaukee and O.W. railroads at Seattle. Seattle is proud of its "bunch" and asks that the error be corrected, which is gladly done.

United States Railroad Administration Washington Information

Freight Service Wage Increase.

On November 15th it was announced that, in order to adjust an inequality in the compensation of train and engine men in slow freight service, time and one-half would be paid for the time required to make runs in excess of what would be required if an average speed of twelve and a half miles per hour were maintained, provided all arbitrariness and special allowances now paid in various forms of freight train service are entirely eliminated for the railroads as a whole.

This action was taken in view of the director-general's statement in August that, while the subject of a general wage increase would not be taken up, any inequalities in remuneration as between the various services performed would be adjusted, thus taking the same form as the recent increase to the shopmen.

The conclusion was reached that employees in freight train service habitually averaging less than twelve and one half miles an hour do not get an opportunity to earn a reasonable monthly wage, as compared with employees in fast freight or passenger train service, and are under the disadvantage of spending more time away from home at their own personal expense.

For many years train and engine men have urged that time and a half should be allowed for excess time as a punitive measure to compel trains to be run at a higher average speed. The director-general, however, has decided that this step is not justifiable as a punitive measure, because, generally speaking, it is not feasible or reasonable to run economically heavy freight trains at a speed as high as twelve and a half miles an hour. The conclusion outlined in the case of those employed in slow freight service is therefore not adopted as a punitive measure, but simply to enable men employed in this class of service to earn a reasonable monthly wage as compared with others in the same vocations.

It is estimated that, with the average speeds now made by the slower freight trains, the additional wage expenditure will be approximately \$3,000,000 per month. However, the effect of such wage rates will undoubtedly correct many extreme cases of trains being kept an abnormally long time upon the road, and to the extent that this condition can be so corrected the cost will be reduced.

Carry On!

At a dinner of the Central Administration Luncheon Club in Washington recently, Director-General Hines dwelt upon the desirability of everyone maintaining the highest possible state of efficiency right up to the last moment of railroad control by the government.

This is important.

Every man, whether of high or low degree, in the service of the railroads, is either proud of the fact that he is a railroadman or he is in the wrong employment.

If he takes pride in his service in the great industry of transportation he is jealous of the reputation of railroadmen as a whole and of his own and that of his particular department more especially.

From now until the roads are turned back the public will be even more than ordinarily critical in the matter of efficiency on the part of railroad employees—and by employees we mean, of course, those who have titles as well as those who do not.

Railroad employees individually and as a body, as well as the service performed by the roads, have been subjected to much undue criticism, especially since the signing of the armistice. We are, however, too big to worry about the criticism that is unjust. It is the criticism that is justified

that hurts—because we have no moral support within ourselves in refuting it.

Let us, therefore, refuse to worry about unwarranted criticism, but let us at the same time look sharply to our duties so that no merited criticism can be directed against us.

We are proud of the great accomplishments of our industry in the past, in time of war and in time of peace, and we are proud of our identification in the progress of this industry and the great service it has performed, and is performing, for the mighty nation of which we are true citizens.

Let us prove to the world that we can change engineers while forging forward at top speed—without the slightest perturbation of those whose interests are affected.

Speeding toward the close of our stewardship, let us break the tape clean and sharp, with all the impetus we can sustain.

Our reputation AS RAILROADMEN is at stake!

New Cars in Service.

Of the total of 100,000 freight cars ordered by the Railroad Administration on May 1, 1918, but 16,636 remained to be built on November 8, and these were being constructed and put into service at the rate of over two hundred a day. By November 1 all the cars which had been completed and placed in storage on account of some of the railroad corporations refusing to accept the cars allocated to them had been stenciled and put into service, so that, from August 1 to November 8, 53,365 new freight cars had been added to the railroads' rolling stock.

Construction work on this freight equipment has been retarded considerably by the strike of steel workers in a number of the car building plants.

Of the order for 1,930 locomotives placed by the Railroad Administration last year, 1,793 had been completed by November 1.

Splendid Safety Showing.

"This safety drive is our drive, much more so than of the railroads themselves. Therefore, bear in mind that the campaign is not designed necessarily merely to prevent accidents, but rather to eliminate them. We should not merely arouse interest in this drive, but enthusiasm, both individually and collectively—and the conservation of life and limb of our fellow workers should arouse the real enthusiasm of each and every member."

The foregoing is an excerpt from a letter addressed by one of the western brotherhood lodges to its members.

That enthusiasm in connection with the National Railroad Accident Prevention Drive permeated the entire railroad fraternity is lucidly shown in the results obtained.

A decrease of 42, or 33½ per cent, in the number of employees killed, and of 2,751, or 53.5 per cent, in the number injured, during the period of the drive, from October 18 to 31, tells the tale.

Every region strove in friendly rivalry to outdo every other region. Every railroad strove to outdo every other railroad in its percentage of decrease, and every safety committee strove to outdo every other safety committee in its accomplishments.

Many and original were the methods pursued to accomplish the desired result—a result which is not told fully in the cold statistics compiled upon the completion of the drive. Its benefits will be sustained for years in the intensified education which railroadmen, individually and collectively, have gained. It demonstrated what complete co-operation and consistent care can do in making more safe the railroadman's vocation.

Not alone were unsafe conditions brought to light and remedied—the drive also ferreted out unsafe persons and put into effect various processes to eliminate the dangers in which such unsafe employees might involve their fellow workers.

The interest not only by employees but by the public at large over the entire country was remarkable. Public spirited citizens joined hands with the railroad workers whole heartedly in an endeavor to accomplish maximum results. Reflecting this spirit, the state of Indiana has incorporated in its school manual a course of study in accident prevention, while the governor of Utah issued a proclamation designating October 18 to 31 as a state no-accident period and called upon every citizen to do his part.

Where everyone strove so heartily everyone is to be congratulated upon the showing made. The figures detailing the results accomplished should really be construed liberally, as many factors not easily defined entered into the final figures. In our great web of railroads there are necessarily inequalities such as density of traffic, single and double track, mountainous and prairie sections, moderate and severe climates, and so forth. So much was accomplished both in known and in intangible results that there is glory sufficient for all, and by their wonderful work the railroadmen

of America have added a splendid chapter to the history of the transportation industry.

It is of interest also to note what was accomplished preceding the National Railroad Accident Prevention Drive, but during a period when the systematic effort for safety pervaded. During the eight months of 1919 up to September 1, 934 fewer employees were killed and 23,531 fewer employees were injured than in the corresponding period of 1918. During the former period 123,658 unsafe conditions and 52,155 unsafe practices also were remedied.

Safety work now claims the attention of a permanent active organization of 1,700 committees, consisting of 27,011 committee-men, comprising 8,730 officers and 18,251 employees, besides approximately five hundred safety supervisors or agents devoting their full time to this feature of railroad operation on the various systems.

Following in tabulated form appear the statistics of the various regions in connection with the recent drive. Encouraged by the splendid showing there made, let us all continue undiminished and unceasingly our efforts to escape injury ourselves or to cause injury to others: The regions are ranked according to their decrease in casualties per hundred men employed:

Region	Employees killed		Employees injured		Total casualties to employees		Employee casualty decrease	Casualties per 100 employees		Decrease per 100 employees
	1918	1919	1918	1919	1918	1919		1918	1919	
Northwestern	16	12	824	271	840	283	557	.299	.098	.201
Allegheny	37	11	1,250	540	1,287	551	736	.312	.125	.187
Southern	13	14	609	201	622	215	407	.233	.078	.155
Central Western	12	10	749	284	761	294	467	.238	.086	.152
Pocahontas	9	3	106	50	115	53	62	.193	.086	.107
Eastern	27	25	1,038	597	1,065	622	443	.237	.135	.102
Southwestern	12	9	526	428	538	437	101	.306	.232	.074
Total	126	84	5,102	2,371	5,228	2,455	2,773	.266	.119	.147



Car Foreman P. Twombly, Master Mechanic Paul Mullen, Traveling Engineer E. Highbee and Car Repairer W. Muelling, Austin, Minnesota.

I Know Not.

I know not what the days may bring
Or what may lie ahead;
Nor when my heart will cease to sing,
And I am listed with the dead.
I tell you only what I feel—
That life is joy, life is real.

And when I dream of flitted hours
Part filled with grief and pain—
When sunshine drifted into showers

Of stormy, chilling rain—
I only know the clouds rolled by,
Revealing brighter, clearer sky.

And sometimes when the load of grief
Seems more than I can bear,
The joy of life compels relief
And lightens every care
While 'round me still are shadows rife
Yet I thank God for the gift of life.

Daniel W. Delaney.

Jim.

Helga Heuwinkel.

"A shtory, why boys, ye should ask me somethin' aisy. Faith, oi niver told a shtory in me whole loif, the thought of the likes o' ye. Where'd ye iver get it into yer heads that oi could tell a shtory, me just a common ould section hand, wid nō edication and doin' nuttin in me whole loif but wur-r-kin'.

"A Christmas shtory, oi niver had anythin' t' happen t' me in all me loif but onc't and that was Jim. Say fellers, t' look at him now, taller than me, ye would hardly think the strappin' lad was the son o' an ould fossil like me, would ye, now ra-a-ly?

"Oi'm not much on relatin', but round about this time each year, oi sort o' drift back to the early nineties, 'bout de time whin we was expectin' Jim.

"We sure had some blizzard that day, the wind was a-blowin' we had been wur-r-kin' hard all day sweepin' switches, and we wus most froze and the boss he came along and he says, says he, 'Boys, ye've all done yere duty, yere tired and cold too, airn't ye, boys?' Thim was the days whin a feller's heart was wid his job, whin he began drawin' his seventy-five cents a day, he sort o' began to feel that all he had in him he should give to the source from where it came, ye felt the best within ye was none too good and ye gave it. Yere job was yere pride, ye didn't get so much thim days, but ye earned every cent o' it fair. Oi remember the pride we used to feel every one o' us when the superintendent would come out and say what a nice track we had, we felt good 'cause it was Flannery's gang that fixed it and we was wan o' thim.

"I shtarted to say, Flannery says, says he, 'Boys, ye all done yere duty and I be afther wishin' ye all a Merry Christmas with the wife and the young 'uns, so ye may all go home now to yere turkey, or what iver ye have that ye likes better. Good night! I'll see ye all in the mornin'.

"It shure was some cold night, and oi'll tell ye oi was nearly froze when oi reached home, but boys ye should a seen the supper that Maggie had fer me that night, she had all the wood in and the fire a-goin', oi had nothin' left to do but eat. Oi could hardly wash mysilf, oi wus that hungry and everythin' smelled so good.

"We had supper over and we wus a settin' there a talkin' and athinkin', when oi heard some footsteps crunching the snow on the walk outside. It wus Flannery's kid, ye know, Pat, the one that is roadmaster on the East Division now, he had come to tell me that his father wanted me to git ready at once, that No. 14 was all over the ground 'bout twenty miles out, he tould me to hurry so oi could go with the hand derrick and the caboose, what wus a goin' out in a few minutes. Oi was mad, oi tell ye, to think that oi should be called out on a night like that, and me temper nearly got the best o' me and oi felt like sayin' some things to Flannery's kid, but all the time that oi was

a feelin' that way oi just kept on a gettin' ready. Maggie was a helpin' me wid me boots and me mittens and me cap and oi was a feelin' sort o' funny that oi had acted sore on the kid, fer it was no more'n me duty to go. When oi said goodbye to Maggie, oi sort o' felt like a big stiff fer gettin' so mad and actin' that way and she was a takin' it so brave all the time. Maggie was more like a mother to me thim days and she still is. A good wife is worth much to man, is what she is.

"It was so cold that night, and there we all wus a wur-r-kin' out in the cold, the superintendent and the roadmaster and all the others when we would much rather a been at home, but there was the superintendent and the roadmaster a-wur-r-kin, too, leavin' their homes too, so it was not so bad afther all for a poor divil the likes o' me.

We wur-rked and wur-rked until nearly daylight and we got things fixed up so that No. 9 could get by, faith and oi suppose there wus a lot o' people on No. 9, too, who wanted to be home for Christmas and all o' thim feelin' bettter whin it was all over.

"We was all loaded up and was comin' in in the old caboose back o' the derrick, oi was that tired oi could have layed down on the floor and went to sleep, had not me face begin to hurtin' so bad and Flannery he laughs and said, 'Mike, for heavin's sake what is the matter wid yere face, ye look funny.' Poor ould Flannery, he is dead now, but he sure always kept a jokin' when the rest o' us wus down in the mouth. Oi tould him oi did not think me face was so funny, oi went out and got me some snow on the platform to thaw out me face.

"The sun started to come out bright when we wus pullin' into town and the wind stopped a blowin' and Flannery says, 'Boys, yere all excused now, ye can go home.' Home, yes, all the time me mind was on gettin' home and takin' me boots off and warmin' me feet by the kitchen fire and goin' to bed.

"When I got home, I opened the kitchen door and there seemed to be sort o' a shtrange feelin' there, and then comes Mrs. Dugan, ye know Mrs. Larry Dugan, wid sort o' a funny look on her face and her finger to her mouth and says she, 'Now Mike O'Rourke, yere wife is a sleepin' and oi want ye to be quiet.' Quiet, quiet, that sort o' got me to thinkin' and oi said to meself, 'No man has a better right to know what is ailin' his own wife than her husband' and oi went into the room and sure enough there was Maggie a sleepin', but she had somethin' in her arm that was not a sleepin' oi tell yez. Oi looked and oi got me first glimpse of Jim, not much to look at thim days but look at him now, can you beat it?

"Oi could hardly hold mesilf, me pride got the best o' me, oi kissed Maggie and she woke up and looked at me and said, 'Look what ye got fer Christmas'. Faith I tould her and oi would be a funny husband if I had not looked already. And says she: 'I have named him Jim fer yere father.' Me heart nearly broke with joy, but oi began to foolin'

wid Maggie and oi told her she shure was a puttin' things over on a feller when he was away.

"Well boys oi scolded meself cause oi had been so hard about leavin' that night and oi felt oi was hardly deservin' o' the Christmas oi had on top o' that. Many the Christmas night oi have wur'ked since then, but that Christmas was the best oi ever had.

"A shtory, oi could niver tell a shtory, boys; ye'll have to get some one else to do that, 'tis time for the whistle t' blow anyway and we must be gettin' loaded up.

"Some Christmas present, that boy! Say oi was a tellin' ye how me face was froze and how cold oi was and sleepy. Oi fergot all about it when oi got home and was a sittin' there by Maggie and lookin' at Jim."

The Luck of Big Creek.

L. T. Merry.

There's a long-long train a-winding
Along the C. M. & St. P.,
And it always stops at Haugen,
Tho' there's nothing much to see
But the watertank and station,
Perhaps a fisherman or two—
If they're asked to show their catch
They will simply laugh at you.
"But," says Felix, "we'll try Big Creek—
We'll go up on the old gas car";
So a message was wired to "Sully",
"Just stay there where you are,
For we're on our way to Haugen—
See that the tank is full,
The Big Creek grade is heavy
And 'twill take a lusty pull."
Oh, the car was at the station,
So was "Sully" with his smile,
And we grinned to think how quickly
She would cover every mile;
But we'd scarcely left the station
When the car began to buck
And no amount of fixing
Would ever bring us luck;
But 'twas time for grand endeavor
If we'd take the car along,
So we conjured words unwritten
In poetry or in song;
We pushed and stumbled pushing,
Peered through the darkest night
In vain we looked for dwelling
That would quickly end our plight;
For the midnight hour was nearing—
Hope and strength were waning fast,
But Felix said "we'll make it,
If we stick up to the last";
Then, with lungs a' primed with ozone,
We gave a yell with "pep",
And were startled almost breathless
With a quickly answering "yep!"
'Twas a "Lumber Jack" caught napping,
Mayhap dreaming of his home
When our yell disturbed his slumbers
And he thought of traveler lone—
By our candle's sickly glimmer
We espied his open door.
"Come in," said he, "you're welcome,
If you'll occupy the floor."
Like the most angelic music
Was this greeting to our ears,
And with haste we made a "shake down"
Which would soothe all earthly fears
In this fastness of the mountains,
Where brave manhood stood its test,
And with joyful hearts we thanked him,
Quickly then were lost in rest.
* * * * *
Looking back it seems a nightmare,
When we think of that awful track,
And our task of constant hustle
To make it with our pack;
But our lucky string of beauties—
Surely all that we could ask,
Now, "forget it," is our slogan,
Since we bravely met our task.

News Items from the Northern Division.

Hazel E. Whitty.

L. Smith, on the "bug," wishes to correct the statement made in the last number about his being off three days. It was only two days. My mistake, Louie.

Brakeman Alexander and family are taking a trip through the east, stopping at Marion, Ind. He may be able to tell us all about the shortage of coal when he returns. Switchman H. Hordnum is relieving him.

James Whitty, engineer, spent a few days under the parental roof recently.

Just think! Heine Grady was out so late one night that he came home frost bitten.

We all note that Amos Koch has removed his straw hat.

All those who have not the opportunity of going deer hunting need not despair, for next time you shall hear the wonderful tales Bob will have to tell of how he shot the buck.

Things are pretty busy at Meno Falls. Loden and Pollard are beating it with the bees, and the office force had to be enlarged. Also Agent Loose's daughter, Irene, is helping out.

Wanted At Once—A typewriter for the roadmaster's office, Northern Division.

It has been noticed that Mr. Surney has not been seen at Horicon for a long time. What's on your mind, Mr. Surney? It can't be that you are ashamed to face us because you only got that one mud hen when hunting at Rush Lake. To be perfectly honest about it, we were all greatly surprised that you got that one, and haven't the least doubt that with about 50 years' practice you could shoot nearly as good as "Bob," anyway.

It appears that Miss Bennet from Superintendent Rupp's office is a very fast runner. She makes her morning run down Twenty-fifth street daily. It must be she takes an extra nap after being called.

Mrs. O. Glasnapp is back again on the old job of piloting the beet teamsters across the busy streets of Menomonee Falls, so that Pollard won't hit them with his noble steed—the 2094.

On November 10th, W. H. Armstrong assumed the duties of roadmaster on the eastern section of the Northern Division in place of C. A. Hanson, who has been transferred to Milwaukee Terminals. We regret to see Mr. Hanson go, as his quiet and unassuming manner has made him many friends on the division. We do not know Mr. Armstrong as yet, but are very willing to become acquainted, and if he is as ready to like us as we are to like him, things ought to run smoothly for some time.

The St. Paul Company has temporarily stopped two trains on the Northern, on account of the coal strike. No. 40, going to Milwaukee at 1:55 p. m., and No. 9, coming out from Milwaukee and reaching Horicon at 9:10, were taken off November 8th. Let us hope the coal strike is settled soon, so that these trains may be put back again. They seem to be general favorites with the ladies.

Say! You people up on the north end of this division! You aren't going to sit by and watch me wrack my brain trying to think up news items, are you? When I started, every one assured me that news items would flood the office, but with the exception of one faithful trusty (his extreme modesty prevents my mentioning his name), we have not been very rushed with items. The Northern Division covers some ground—35 sections—over 250 miles—and there ought to be enough news from outside so that we wouldn't have to mention Horicon, which mean little burg has already been flaunted more than it ever has been before in its history.

Conductor Francis was off duck hunting at Fox Lake for ten days. We don't know how many he got yet, and you will all agree that this is very unusual.

The Northern Division went over the top right during the "No Accident Drive," having only one accident on the whole division, this one being caused by boiler tube blowing out and scalding Fireman John Freimwald's hands very severely. Engineer Beecher was also burned slightly. At this writing, Mr. Freimwald is able to be up and around, but it will be some time before he will be able to resume work.

I wish through the Magazine to thank all the gentlemen who had a hand in informing the public of my futile efforts to learn farming. I also wish to announce that farm life, I fear, is too quiet, and I have decided to do as John tells me, "take a railroad man." Have you anything further to say, Frank?

At Home



Robert Kindig, Richard Fuller and Eugene Kindig, Sons of Chief Dispatcher J. J. Kindig and Conductor W. J. Fuller, Perry Iowa.

Little Joe. A Christmas Story.

Wm. H. Shafer.

Some years ago, in a small unpainted house located about three-quarters of a mile west of Camp Douglas Station, on the south side of the track and close to the right of way fence, lived a little boy called Joe. Unfortunately Joe was a cripple, his left foot being deformed in such a manner that when he stepped on it most of his weight would rest on the heel, causing it to turn out, making it very difficult for him to walk. Quite often we would see him pecking through the fence watching the train pass; if we would chance to stop for the railroad crossing, he would hobble towards the house as fast as his lameness would allow him.

Once we stopped on account of a hor box. His attention being attracted by a car of horses in the train, he did not see me until I got quite close to him. When he did, he hastened to get away, but I told him not to be afraid, that I only wanted to talk to him; at that he hesitated and stood still.

I asked him how old he was.

"I am seven years old," he modestly replied.

"How did you hurt your foot?"

"Oh, I was born that way."

"Have you a mamma and papa?"

"Yes. But papa don't come home in the summer time; he works with other men building houses, and sometimes he stays away a long time, and then mamma cries and I cry, too."

"What is your name?"

"My papa and mamma call me little Joe."

"My papa is awfully good to me! When he comes home he always brings me candy and lots of other good things. The last time he came he brought me a nice hobby horse—see it over there on the porch? He said

Christmas he would give me the best present I ever got in all my life."

Our train pulled out just then and I waved him goodbye. I did not get a chance to speak to him for some time after that, but he would always be out, waving at us. The next time we stopped, Joe was nowhere in sight, so I went to the fence and called. His mamma came out, and I inquired for Little Joe.

"He's sick," she replied.

"Anything serious?"

"No," she said. "He has a bad cold and I thought it best to keep him indoors until he got well. It's getting on towards winter."

"All right," I replied. "tell him you saw me, and say hello."

Little Joe's home being far away from other houses, he seldom had any companions. One evening early, when passing, I noticed the house all lit up and could see quite a number of children and other people through the window. The next time I talked with him I asked him if he had had a party lately, and he replied yes, that his papa was home the other night and brought him lots of candy and nuts, and mamma had some of the neighbor boys come over and they all just had a dandy time.

"Pretty soon my papa will be home all winter and I won't be lonesome then."

"What does your papa do in the winter time?"

"Oh, he goes hunting and trapping and plays with me. They can't build houses in the winter."

"Papa said he earned enough this summer to buy me that nice Christmas present when Christmas time comes."

"What do you know about Christmas?"

"Oh, I know a whole lot about it! Mamma says that Jesus Christ was born on Christmas day and that the good God sent Him to take care of all the people on this earth, and that everybody will be saved by Him. I always talk to Him when I say my prayers at night, and I know He hears me 'cause mamma says so, and I go to Sunday School and they tell me the same thing there."

"Have you any little boys at your house?" he asked, his eyes big and searching.

"Yes," I replied. "I have two little boys about your age."

"Do they go to Sunday School? I told him they did.

"Do they go to the other school, too? I am going after Christmas; papa says I can go then 'cause I won't be home any more and that I can run and jump just like other boys."

I had to bid him goodbye then, as our train started to pull out.

I wondered, when alone, what he meant when he said he wouldn't be home any more after Christmas. Poor little fellow! He didn't know himself! How little we know the thoughts of a child! Did you, kind reader, ever try to fathom their thoughts? How wonderful

they look! And how startled they become when you call them abruptly out of one of their thinking moods, and how much can be learned from watching them! To them this world is one big puzzle, to be solved and probed as they grow into manhood and womanhood, and without them the world would soon grow old.

As the weather grew cold, Little Joe appeared less out of doors, but always in the window waving us a passing salute. His father appeared oftener since he was home for the winter—sometimes he would be chopping wood and doing the chores. Quite frequently I would see him coming home with his gun on his shoulder from his hunting and trapping trips, with a rabbit or a squirrel or partridge, and pelts that he had trapped. Seeing Joe in the window was the only time I got a glimpse of him. Snow covered the ground, winter had set in, and Little Joe had to stay indoors. But shortly before Christmas I missed him and his parents altogether. The house appeared locked up, the shades drawn, and no signs of any life about the place. I surmised they had moved away.

For five weeks the place was deserted. Then one night, while passing, I noticed the house all alight and persons moving about inside. Little Joe had come back.

The next time when passing in the daytime, he sat in the window, bundled up and looking very pale, as though from sickness. It was some time before I saw him outside, and I noticed that his walk was different than usual—he didn't limp and drag his foot any more, and finally the limping disappeared altogether. He would be out with his sled, and romp and run.

The next time we stopped, he came running over to me. I was surprised to see him looking so healthy and rugged. I asked him how he was getting along.

"Oh, I am just like other boys," he replied. "Papa took me to a big city and had my foot operated on and I am all right now."

"But how about the Christmas present you were going to get, Joe?"

"Oh!" he replied. "Here it is!" And he showed me the foot that had been crippled. It was straightened and all well. Santa Claus surely had given him a present never to be forgotten.

If you should chance to meet "Little Joe" now, you will find him a big, husky, young man, wearing a soldier's uniform and ready to serve his country.

A Vest Sweater.

Here are directions for knitting a really beautiful sweater, and as sweaters are among the indispensables of a girl's wardrobe this winter, this one made of dark blue wool with a white angora vest, and worn with a white serge or cloth skirt, makes a classy outfit; also an ideal Christmas gift.

This sweater requires ten balls of Shetland or silk mix wool and three balls of angora. One pair of $3\frac{1}{2}$ and one pair $4\frac{1}{2}$ needles.

With $\#4\frac{1}{2}$ needles, cast on 90 sts. with yarn dbl., k. 3 ribs. Then with yarn single * k. 2; p.

2; for 6 rows, then 3 ribs garter st., * repeat between stars 6 times. Then with $\#3\frac{1}{2}$ needles, k. 2; p. 2 for 4 ins. With $\#4\frac{1}{2}$ needles * k. 3 ribs. garter st., then k. 2; p. 2; for 6 rows, * repeat between stars for 4 ins. Next add 1 st. each end every other row 4 times (4 sts. added each end) continuing the pattern.. Add 64 sts. each side for sleeves, first 20 sts. then 14-10-10 sts. being careful to keep the pattern even. Knit even until sleeves measure 5 ins. at the wrist, then k. 103 sts. bind off 20 sts. for neck, slip first 103 sts. on safety pin and on remaining 103 sts. begin the front.

Front—Continuing the pattern, k. even at hand, but inc. 1st. at front every other row 5 times. Then k. even both ends until sleeve measures 10 in. at the wrist, then bind off sleeve by leaving on the needle the first 10 sts. K. across and leave 20 sts. on needle, then 30 sts. and then 44 sts. K. across and back to end of sleeve and then bind off 64 sts. loosely. Dec. 1 st. every other row for 4 ribs for gusset; from here k. length same as back. With the first 103 sts. work the second half same as first.

Cuff—With $\#3\frac{1}{2}$ needles pick up 48 sts. across end of sleeve, k. 2; p. 2; for 4 ins., then with Angora k. 3 ribs garter st., bind off loosely, sew up seams.

Collar—With $\#4\frac{1}{2}$ needles and Silk Mix or Shetland cast on 24 sts., then k. garter st. until strip fits from bottom up to shoulder, then across the back of the neck k. * 1 row to within 8 sts. of edge towards neck, turn k. back; next row k. all the way across * repeat between stars across the back of the neck, then k. plain strip same as other side. Sew this strip to front edge of sweater and around neck.

Vest—With $\#3\frac{1}{2}$ needles and Angora cast on 20 sts. K. plain garter st. for 12 ins., then dec. by k. the 2nd and 3rd sts. from each end together every other row until work forms a point. Work a second piece same as first. With Silk Mix finish the edge of vest (top, front and bottom) with crochet as follows: 1 s. c. then 3 ch., 1 s. c. in same place, then skip 2 ribs and repeat around. On the right side work every 3rd loop with 10 ch. for button loop. Sew vest to front edges 10 ins. from bottom.

New England Chicken Pie.—The chicken for a real Yankee chicken pie is cooked the day before the pie is to be eaten. The chicken, properly speaking should not be chicken at all, but a year-old fowl, as these have the "flavor". Cut up and put into boiling salted water, cook until the meat is ready to fall from the bone. Have sufficient water to cover and add water as it boils away, to keep this quantity. When cooked, set away in the kettle until the next day.

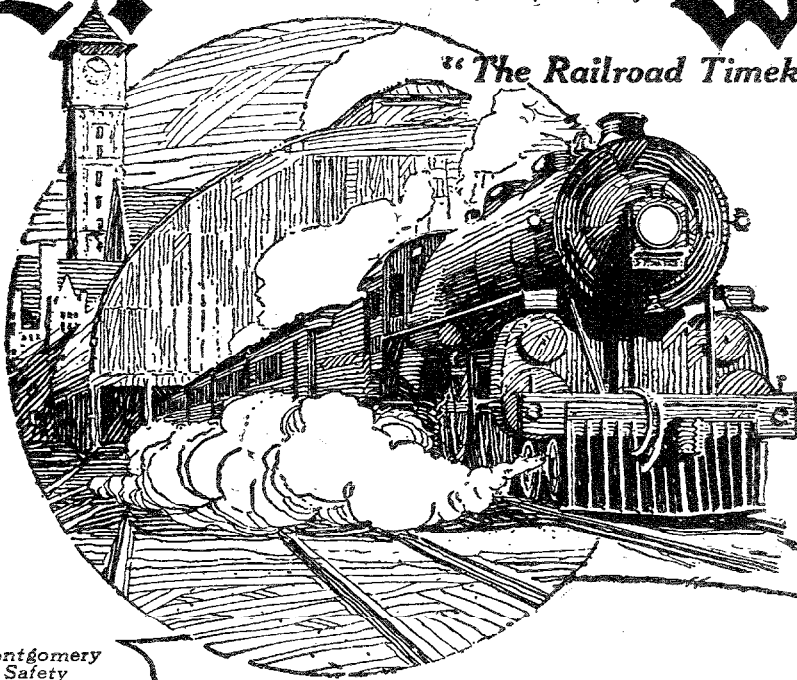
The crust is a rich biscuit dough. Line the sides of the pan with the dough, put an inverted cup in the middle and then lift out the chicken carefully so that the leg and thigh bones will not fall out. It is better to have some of the chicken bones in the pie as they help to hold the crust up. Add more salt, if needed, and a generous sprinkling of black pepper. Pour over the chicken broth and plenty of the chicken fat. Dredge in a little flour and cover with crust one inch thick. Be sure to cut a good sized slit in the crust, and bake in a hot oven from three-quarters to one hour. If the top crust browns quickly, it may be covered, but the cover should be removed about ten minutes before the pie is taken from the oven.

There is perhaps no way of serving chicken that is at once so good and so economical as in a pie, for the crust if properly made and baked is permeated with the flavor of the chicken and if there be sufficient gravy, the chicken pie will "go around" twice to a roasted bird's once—an item to be considered in these days, when the family home coming for Christmas has to be balanced against the price of turkey, for instance.

Creamed Celery With Cheese.—Cook one cup of diced celery in boiling water until tender. Drain and add one cup of diced cheese. Cover with a white sauce made with two tablespoons of butter or oleo, two tablespoons flour, one cup of milk, salt and red pepper. Pour into a buttered baking dish and set into a moderate oven. Serve as soon as the cheese is melted.

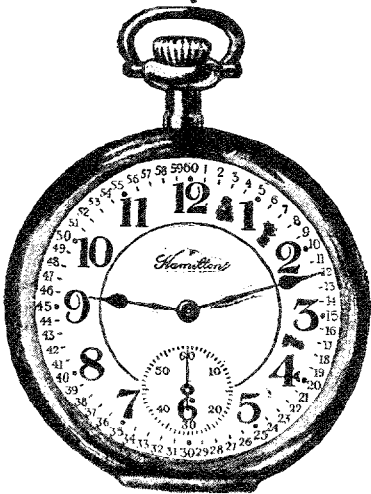
An Inexpensive Plum Pudding.—Beat one egg thoroughly, add one half a cup of sugar, one cup

Hamilton Watch



"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

Montgomery
Safety
Numerical Dial
"It almost
speaks the time"



No Place for a Loafing Watch

THE cab of a locomotive is no place for a watch that loafs and loses time. A railroad man requires a watch that goes all the time, and keeps accurate time. That's why his favorite watch remains the Hamilton. He knows that he can depend upon his Hamilton to keep accurate, uninterrupted time under all conditions. Hence, the greater the pressure of post-bellum reconstruction tasks, the more sternly he insists that the watch in his pocket be a Hamilton.

The American Built Railroads of France were timed with the Hamilton Railroad Watch.

For Time Inspection Service, Hamilton No. 940 (18 size, 21 jewels) and No. 992 (16 size, 21 jewels) are the most popular on American Railroads and will pass any official inspection year after year.

Write Today for "The Timekeeper"

It pictures and describes all Hamilton models, with prices, which range from \$20 (\$22.00 in Canada) for movements only, up to \$200 for the Hamilton Masterpiece in extra-heavy 18k gold case.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY

Dept. 20, Lancaster, Pa.

of sweet milk, one cup of chopped suet; one and one-half cups of raisins; one cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoon molasses, spices to taste, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm water, salt-spoon of salt and half a cup of flour. Put in a mold and steam three hours. Serve with a lemon sauce made with half a cup of butter (nut butter does just as well), one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of corn starch, a cup of boiling water and the juice and grated rind of one lemon.

I. A. B. Is Heard From Again.

The M. N. G.'s will be glad to hear that I. A. B. is recovering nicely from a severe illness, and that we may soon look for "Scraps" again. She has been suffering from a serious infection of the jaw, causing her to spend many unhappy hours in the dentist's chair, but by way of assuring us that her spirit is still undaunted, she dashes off this:

My Dentistry.

'The hours I spend with thee, dear Hart(man),
Are as a set of teeth to me.
I count them o'er, each tooth apart;
My dentistry, my dentistry.

Each tooth a crown, each crown, a pull;
Until my soul in anguish flung.
I watched each root unto the end
And there an abscess hung, an abscess hung.

Oh, novo-caine, that soothes and burns;
Oh, forceps sharp, oh, water salt.
I watched them go, but now intend
To call a halt—to call a halt.

Railway Exchange News.

"W A D."

At this season of the year, all the black eyes we see are attributable to a football game, and that gag is as old as the game itself. Still, we have Jim Flynn waltzing around with one of his optics decorated with all the colors that are—endeavoring to pull the football stuff AND GET BY WITH IT. We don't chide Jim for the attempt, but rather admire him for his crust.

Jawn Paul Jones.

The name refreshes thoughts of a hero bold,
Made famous by fighting at sea,
Who won the admiration of both young and old
In fact—of all in this country.

But lo! a grave injustice is done
To the name of our naval fighter.
And when facts are known, you'll say "how come
Such a name to that blawsted blighter?"

The amiable gent whom we have in mind
Is from the department of transportation;
He distributes stock cars all over the line,
And bears Jawn's appellation.

The ball room lizards were given the opportunity to perform at the CM&StP Fullerton avenue employees' dance at Victoria Hall the other evening, and following the customs the affair more closely resembled a gum-chewing contest, or a course in apologizing, than a dance. Everyone was busily engaged in exercising their jaws on from one to five sticks of Wrigley's, and the popular expression during each dance was, "Oh, I beg your pardon, this is the first time I danced since, etc., etc."

We Had With Us

J. L. Brown dropped in from Seattle just long enough to say Hulloch!, neatly executed an about-face without the numbers, a forward march, and blew back to the coast.

The literary atmosphere of our Magazine headquarters has inspired G. P. Flood to move his abode from the soot laden lodgings in Chicago to a quiet, secluded domicile at Libertyville, where one is awakened at sunrise by the sweet singing of ducks lulled to sleep by the soft whispering of cows, and where the laughing hazel bushes awaken nothing but cheerful memories. Ah! Nothing but happiness in Libertyville.

No day has been more blissful since July 1st than November 3d, on which day several barrels of beer were blown up in Grant Park by government officials, and the fragrant odor awakened

A woman generally has some other attraction at a baseball or football game far greater than the game itself; and this may well be applied to Mary Merrill's presence at the Chicago-Purdue game.

Harry Wolf has been expelled from the Ancient and Mystic Order of Honorable Bachelors. It is known to the officials of this great organization that Mr. Wolf has taken unto himself a wife in direct violation of the rules and regulations. Vic Hitzfield has been suspended pending investigation, as it is rumored he has committed a similar offense.

Advice to the Newlyweds.

One of our recent entries into the field of marriage apparently does not find it covered with fragrant flowers and sweet singing canaries, as we are in receipt of an inquiry which our august veteran replies to as follows:

"Madam: You have made a very grave mistake by not entering into an agreement as to who shall be 'boss' in the establishment, but your assumption that it is your beloved husband's duty to arise first in the morning and attend to the furnace is in direct conflict with the customs, and you should, therefore, immediately dispel such thoughts and realize it is YOUR duty to do EVERYTHING that is to be done about the house—to do it with dispatch, and let not such foolery as this result in an acrimonious controversy."

A Bit of Advice From One Who Knows.

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or chew,
If your grub tastes like glue,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl,
For heaven's sake—marry the girl.

—B. H. P.

Malden Items.

Delpha Mitchell.

Malden saw its first snow fall this winter, on November 3d. While it did not amount to much, still it announced the speedy coming of winter.

Mr. McQuaid, roundhouse foreman, has moved his wife and three children to Malden.

John Keefe, machinist helper, received a severe injury to his right hand a few days ago. He is now in the St. Mary's Hospital.

John Marshall, a well-known fireman, was married to Miss Inez Long. They are residing at present here in Malden, where many friends hope they will remain. We, the employees of the C. M. & St. P. R. R., all extend our heartiest congratulations by wishing them, as they go hand-in-hand, a bright and happy future.

Mrs. Wagner, wife of Firebuilder Wagner, has been ill the past week, but is on the road to recovery now.

Engineer Charles E. Mitchell was married to Delpha G. Dodd, clerk at the roundhouse in Spokane, October 6th.

It seems all the young Malden people enjoy visiting the court house in Spokane, for there have been several weddings the previous month. As the happy couples came back, I noticed a sad look and heard a sigh from some who have not tried it; and then the clouds would pass away, and a bright smile would break upon their visage, as if, they, too, had a "bright idea." The most typical example is that of Dick Jackson, fireman.

Mr. Byron, supply man, was walking down a crowded street one day when a small, red-haired boy came rushing up to him. After hurriedly touching his arm, he excitedly said: "Oh, sir, there is something on the back of your head." Without a thought, Mr. Byron began to do some athletic stunts right there on the sidewalk. The small lad could conceal his laughter no longer, so he exclaimed: "Sir, it's your hair." And on he went.

Mrs. Byron, wife of the preceding victim of a bit of humor, has been spending a few days in Alberton, Montana.

Joe Sweeney, machinist at Malden, has just returned from a visit in the east. On account of the weather conditions, he returned sooner than his friends expected him.



Tobacco Is Hurting You

Look at the facts square in the face, Mr. Tobacco User. You may think tobacco is not hurting you.

That is because you haven't as yet, perhaps, felt the effects of the nicotine poison in YOUR system. For **you** know that nicotine, as absorbed into the system through smoking and chewing tobacco, is a slow working poison. Slow, yes—but **sure**.

Tobacco is lowering your efficiency. It slows a man down. Makes it harder for you to concentrate your mind on your work. You haven't near the amount of "pep" and energy you would have if you stopped using it. There's many a man twice as old as you in years who's twice as young in energy, simply because he lets tobacco alone.

Some day you will realize to what an alarming extent tobacco has undermined your system.

When your hands begin to tremble—
and your appetite begins to fail—
and your heart seems to "skip a beat" now and then—
and slight exertion makes you short of breath—
then you'll **KNOW**, without anyone telling you, that **TOBACCO** is getting the upper hand.

Any well-informed doctor will tell you that these are only a few of many symptoms of tobacco poisoning.

And **YOU** know that the use of tobacco in **any** form is an expensive, utterly useless habit. You know you ought to quit.

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Not the slightest shock to the nervous system. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

Results Guaranteed

As a single trial will convince you. Our legal binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. We will refund every cent you pay for the treatment, if after taking it according to the easy-to-follow directions, it should fail to banish the tobacco habit completely.

SEND Coupon for Free Proof Let us send you our free booklet on the deadly effects of tobacco, together with testimonial letters, from men all over the country telling how they have been absolutely freed from the tobacco habit by this simple home treatment. You could not ask for stronger proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will free you from the habit than the evidence we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon—or a postal will do.

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 629

St. Louis, Mo.



Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 629

St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

Special Commendation

H. C. Rector, agent at Three Forks, has been specially commended for quick action and forethought in saving equipment when a freight car took fire at his station, August 26th. He saved much property for the company.

Operator Louis Farnum of Mauston, Wis., has been specially commended for good work. Detecting an unusual sound as train No. 1 passed his station October 20th, he reported same to the operator at New Lisbon. No. 1 was inspected on its arrival there and a disconnected brakebeam was found. This is another instance of a man's mind being strictly on the job, which proves a distinct factor in avoiding accidents.

LaCrosse Division Conductor William McLaughlin has received special commendation for discovery of broken truck on A. T. S. F. car 30191, October 16th, as Extra 8657 was pulling by him at Columbus, Wis. The train was stopped and his timely discovery undoubtedly averted a serious derailment.

K. C. Division Brakeman Ralph McCoy has been specially commended for attention to duties, discovering a broken sand-board hanger on dining car 5100 at Gladwin, recently, thus undoubtedly averting further serious damage.

Coast Division Brakeman H. W. Gillespie and A. G. O'Brien have been specially commended for watchfulness in line of their duties—finding a piece of iron between the rail and switch point at Hyak, Wash., October 18th. Finding this obstruction no doubt prevented a derailment. Credit has been given them in the roster.

Yard Conductor P. A. Rogers, Racine, Wis., is commended for discovering three broken rails recently. All were in bad places and his alertness no doubt prevented one or more derailments.

K. C. Division Brakeman David Lewis has received special commendation for discovering a dragging brake-beam on U. T. L. car 13912 coming down Blakesburg hill, November 3rd. He had also, about two weeks previously, discovered a dragging beam while train was coming down this same hill. Such work shows attention to the company's interest and a real desire to avoid accidents. In other words, "keeping your mind on the job, while you are on the job."

K. C. Division Brakeman Edw. Morairity has been specially commended for discovery of a swing beam down on C. R. I. P. car 39263 loaded with lumber in train No. 74, October 24th. Car was set out at Gladwin, probably averting a serious derailment. Such good work is always appreciated.

Section Foreman Chris Schwelckert, Gordons Ferry, Iowa has been specially commended for close observation while on duty. He discovered a brake beam down on C. & N. W. car 79129 in extra 4311, October 21st, at Cattese and reported same immediately. This undoubtedly prevented a serious derailment.

LaCrosse Division Brakeman L. C. Hiller has been specially commended for watchfulness, discovering a broken rail on opposite main track two miles west of Richwood, and making prompt report of same.

Yard Foreman James Lane, Milwaukee Terminal, has been commended for quick judgment and prompt action in pulling pin on cars behind some that had been derailed and allowing them to run by cars that were off the track, saving further derailment and delay at the cut-off on the morning of September 27th when the Cpkc Plant Transfer shoving over the cut-off had St. P. car 71485 jump the track at the puzzle switch.

Train Clerk Wm. Marohn, Muskego Yard, has been commended for worthy performance locating C. & N. W. car 13692 which was marked "hold" and switched to the hold track carded as lumber. In passing Mr. Marohn thought he detected the odor of apples, and upon investigation this car was found to contain apples instead of lumber. If this car had remained on the hold track for any length of time, the delay would probably have resulted in a claim for damage.

Milwaukee Terminal Switchman Dan Tredup has been specially commended for quick action at Milwaukee Depot, which undoubtedly saved the life of a passenger who walked just ahead of a string of coaches being shoved into the station. Switchman Tredup quickly pulled the man from the track and out of the way of the moving cars.

Japanese Labor Delegation Like Our Service.

On October 24th a special train carrying the Japanese delegates to the Labor Conference, with their entourage, to the number of 64, went east from Seattle over our line. They were accompanied over the lines west by Assistant General Passenger Agent A. P. Chapman, and in appreciation of the service and attentions shown them, the following letter was sent to Mr. Chapman.

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 27, 1919.

"Mr. A. Chapman, Jr., C. M. & St. P. R. R., Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash.

"Dear Sir:

"Before proceeding to the end of our journey we would like to place on record our appreciation of the efforts you made on behalf of your company for the members of the Japanese Labor Delegation.

"While we knew beforehand of the great efficiency and progress of the American nation, we hardly realized that you could add so much by the personal attention and courtesy which you have shown us.

"With our best wishes for the future prosperity of your company, believe us,

"Yours very truly,

"EIKICHI KAMADA,

"SANJI MUTO.

"UHEI MASUMOTO.

The membership of the party was:

The Japanese Labor Delegation.

Government Delegates:

Eikichi Kamada, president of Kelo University, member of the House of Peers.

Dr. Minom Oka, ex-director of the Bureau of Commerce and Industry.

Advisers:

Shoji Konishi, expert-engineer of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce.

Takenori Kikuchi.

Dr. Yeigoro Kanarugi, member of the House of Representatives.

Dr. Kanji Kigo, member of the House of Representatives.

Dr. Teijiro Uyeda.

Bunzo Kubota.

Kyo Kumazaki, consul-general, New York.

Dr. Yamato Ichishashi, Leland Stanford Junior University.

Mrs. Takako Tanaka.

Non-Government Delegates.

Sanji Muto, employers' representative.

Advisers:

Zensuke Kudo.

Shinkichi Tamura.

Dr. Rynsaku Godai.

Dr. Shogo Hasegawa.

Dr. Iwasahuro Nakahara.

Uhei Masumto, workpeople's representative.

Advisers:

Schichiro Muto.

Yeiiji Igasawara.

Yoshinari Kido.

Kohel Sato.

Magosahuro Domac.

A Letter of Thanks From the Trezieme Club.

The Trezieme Club is an organization composed of the enlisted men of the Thirtieth Engineers, Iy. U. S. A., and through the following letter from E. J. Carr, its secretary, the men of the Thirtieth take occasion to express their appreciation of the attentions and interest shown the regiment while it was in service. Mr. Park's reply is also appended.

ACT QUICK

Special Low Prices

STANDARD UNDERWOODS

SAVE MONEY

1 NEW ENAMEL
Frame
restriped,
relettered and
newly
enameled

2 NEW NICKEL PLATE
All type,
type bars, etc.,
renickeled

3 NEW TYPE
All necessary
new type—
perfect print
and alignment

4 NEW RUBBER FEET
New thumb
knobs, new key
rings, new
rubber feet

5 BACK SPACER
We equip
our machines
with
back spacers

6 NEW PLATEN
Equipped
with new platen
—new feed
roller—new
ribbon

7 NEW SCALE FRONT
with many
other features
assures brand
new typewriter
service

8 TWO-COLOR RIBBON ATTACHMENT
rebuild in our
typewriters—
every machine
perfect

9 NEW KEYS
make
our rebuilt
typewriters
look like
new

10 NEW LETTERING
and you can't
tell the rebuilt
from a new
typewriter



Actual
Photograph of
My Rebuilt Underwoods

Rebuilt and
Guaranteed for 5 Years

Study These 10 Important Rebuilt Features

They Double the Life of My Underwood Typewriters

All New Parts Where the Wear Comes — Every Machine Tested and Shipped Perfect

These 10 big, important, rebuilt features make it possible for you to buy a just-like-new standard, visible writing Underwood at special low prices. Act quick—investigate and learn how you can get 100% typewriter efficiency at a big discount. My (rebuilt) standard Underwoods are factory reconstructed by typewriter experts. New parts, new finish, new lettering, replace the old; everything made perfect—and the result—a typewriter the equal of any new machine in both service and appearance, just like the actual photograph shown above. And you may buy or rent my (rebuilt) Underwoods on ten days free trial backed by a five year guarantee. Just mail the coupon for all the facts.

I will Rent or Sell You My Standard

Rebuilt Like New Underwoods with a 5 Year Guarantee

I offer liberal discounts on your old machines or rebuild them like new at money saving prices.

Besides the 10 features explained above I include many other improvements, such as a two-color ribbon, backspacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, etc., and in addition I furnish free a waterproof cover and a special Touch Typewriter Instruction Book — all for my low price. It's a bargain and I want every typewriter buyer to know the facts. That's why I say — use my (rebuilt) Underwoods before you pay and prove it to yourself. Then after you buy, I guarantee every machine for Five Years. Buy or EARN AN UNDERWOOD FREE. Take advantage of my agency plan. Send coupon or write at once for Offer No. 00.

How I have Rebuilt and Sold 200,000 Perfect Typewriters at Factory Prices

The U.S. Government has purchased over 100,000 Standard Underwoods. The result is that Underwoods are scarce, but you can still buy my (rebuilt) Standard Underwood Typewriters guaranteed good as new. I sell only standard Underwood machines, purchased direct from the Underwood factory. They are then rebuilt in my factory (the largest of its kind in the world) with new parts obtained direct from the Underwood Company. Send for prices.

You May RENT OR BUY
ON APPLYING RENT PURCHASE PRICE
FOR CASH OR ON EASY PAYMENTS—

Buy My Factory Rebuilt Underwoods.

Choose Your Own Terms After 10 Days

Free Trial; Pay When You're Fully Satisfied

Prove to yourself at my risk that my (rebuilt) genuine standard Underwoods look, work and write like new. You don't even have to buy the machine, when you get it — try one of my Underwoods for 10 days free. It's the first step to cut your typewriter costs. Rent one at low monthly rates, then if you decide, after six months to buy, I'll allow you six months' rent and deduct it from my low price—or BUY it for cash, or get one on easy payments. But do so at once—ask for full facts now. Learn how I save you big money — mail the coupon today.

Send Coupon at Once and Save Big Money. Get the Facts NOW

25 years experience in rebuilding typewriters has taught me how to make my (rebuilt like new) Underwoods stand any mechanical typewriter test. Buy, rent or earn one of my Underwoods—10 days FREE trial. Save big money—investigate this offer. Write a letter, mail a postal or send this coupon — BUT ACT QUICK, if you want one. Get busy now.

E. W. S. SHIPMAN,
President

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM

Established Over a Quarter of a Century
34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Mail Coupon TODAY

E. W. S. SHIPMAN, Pres.
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM,
34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

Send me at once your Low Price Offer, rental and agency plan No. 124

Name _____

St. or R.F.D. No. _____

City _____

State _____

Remember I Back My Underwoods
With My FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE

"At Kansas City, Mo., November 6, 1919.
"Mr. E. J. Carr, Secretary, The Trezieme Club of
the 13th Engineers, U. S. Army;
5215 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

"Dear Sir:

"We appreciate very much the kind expressions of the committee, as set forth in your letter of November 3rd, which I will be very glad indeed to convey to each member of the Reception Committee, 13th Engineers, U. S. Army.

"In the perpetuation of your organization, if there is anything we can do for you, we will be glad to help you out.

"Very truly yours,

W. L. PARKS,

"Chairman, Reception Committee, 13th Engineers,
U. S. Army."

"The Trezieme Club of the 13th Engineers, U. S. Army.

"J. P. Casey, President.

"F. J. Burge, Vice-President.

"E. J. Carr, Secretary.

"J. A. Castagnino, Treasurer.

"Chicago, Ill., November 3rd, 1919.

"Mr. W. L. Park, Chairman, Reception Committee,
13th Engineers, U. S. Army, care C. G. W. R. R.,
Chicago.

"My Dear Sir:

"Permit me, as secretary of the 'Trezieme Club', on behalf of the enlisted men of the 13th Engineers, to present to the several railroads, officials and employes, and particularly to yourself and the other members of the reception committee, our sincere appreciation and gratitude for the interest taken in our regiment; for the greatest and grandest reception ever tendered returning troops, and for the beautiful buttons and banners which were distributed to the men of the 13th Engineers.

"Not having at hand the names of the other members of the reception committee, will kindly ask that you convey to them the above expressions.

"Very truly yours,

"(signed) E. J. CARR,

"5215 Kimbark Avenue.

"Secretary."

American Legion Specials.

It was the privilege of the Milwaukee to carry more delegates to the recent meeting of the American Legion at Minneapolis than any other line into that city. We handled a number of special trains of ex-service men—one carrying New England delegates; one, those from New York, and one with the Pennsylvania boys.

Everything was done to make the trip comfortable and enjoyable from Chicago to Minneapolis, and there were many expressions of appreciation for the splendid service given them.

S. M. East in Limerick.—Concluded.

O. J. B.

Toots of whistle and clanging of bells
Announce our arrival at Wells,
Brakeman Hanson's oration,
Says, change at this station
For Mankato and everywhere else.

At Easton the agent is Wright,
The place is run just about right.
We envy him, too;
For the work he gets through,
And he's done when he goes home at night.

At Delavan, business is good,
And there's reason to think that it should.
They have a ball team,
That's chock full of steam,
And they won all the games that they could.

The name for our town Winnebago,
Is derived from the Indian— not Dago.
Some hustlers live there
And the city bids fair
To boom up as a future Chicnygo.

As we now mention Huntley sobeit
Though we never have stopped there albeit.
There are lots of things there
Besides the fresh air
And some day we'll go there and see it.

'Bout Grandpa I'd like to write columns
And gather them up into volumes.

So much to be said,
Comes into one's head
And shatters ideas to doldrums.

Fairmount I know to be "Fair"
Although the "Mont" may not be there;
There is business galore
In factory and store.
Prosperity shows everywhere.

And Welcome is not far behind
Its neighbors in getting in line.
Fine shops you find here,
Where once they sold beer,
And they're going ahead all the time.

Sherburn we must not forget.
Is a beautiful village and yet.
Not beauty alone,
Makes this place a home.
Wants of workers here also are met.

Midst the gardens and trees, nestles Alpha,
Raising most anything you can call for.
All the grains you will find
That grow in this clime
And I hear that they harvest alfalfa.

Here is Jackson—the end of our ride,
And we hurry to town, down the side
Of the hill in a race.
To get to the place
Where the rest of the night we abide.

Chief Shop Accountant's Ink Blots.

"Cutie."

Well, now that we have broken the record in getting out the back pay, we are waiting, too, for another Big Job—Say, getting out back pay for the CLERKS.

Irma Bradley is still waiting for a challenge. How about some of you sister operators? Anything for a little excitement.

Have you noticed Eddie? He sure is some dictator here of late. Look out, Eddie, or you will be giving up your title. Those women will get you yet.

Mrs. Alderman spent her vacation at Seattle. She was accompanied by Miss Webster, who left us to regain her health. As yet we have not heard how she is progressing, but we sincerely hope she will soon be able to come back to Milwaukee.

Messrs. Braun and Kozourek spent a few days at Minneapolis, where they attended a general meeting on accounting.

Frank Maciolek left for Minneapolis and Chicago, vacationing, of course; also Walter Herzog, but instead of taking in the South, he is going down to Cleveland to recover his long lost "Ford".

Eddie Horning was given a promotion the other day. Good luck, Eddie.

Erwin Keepman was given Eddie's place. Some assistant. Erwin is right there to win.

Val Hinrichs is back on the job, no more sick for him. He is now O.K. and as bright as ever. 100% for you, Val.

George Sadoff, the new office boy. He is still young, but he don't think so. Never mind, you'll get "grown up" soon enough, Georgie.

Some folks in the MCB office eat soup with a fork. How about peas with a knife, Izetta?

This one is original:

I. E.—I am going to my brother-in-law's home for dinner?

M. S.—Oh! have you a sister?

I am just wondering who the other "Cutie" is down at the C. & M. Division office. I didn't think that I had a competitor.

Fred Justen has very little to say. Mr. Justen may have something for us next month.

Fred Schiebel is wearing a little larger hat these days. He also has a new vest.

Mrs. Bee Brockman is about to purchase a Ford as a Christmas gift for her son. We wish all mothers felt the same way.

Bessie Fitzgerald and Helen Bate have thrown in their lot with the C. M. & St. P. since the last issue of this magazine.

Our Assistant Chief Shop Accountant James Kozurek hit the "Hickories" for a count of 631. Come on you bowlers from other departments, we

are ready for you any time. M. C. B. office and Valuation, take notice.

That wonderful Tar Baby had nothing on Gib Smrz in last Sunday's game, only he did not confine himself to tar. His daily prayer now is to meet some of his opponents on a dark night.

Want an argument? Boy, page Jim Bick.

The time keeping department is still all here; we never hear from them. What's the trouble?

Construction Notes.

Guyline.

C. A. Fulp, formerly foreman of Camp 223, has finished his work, checked in his camp and gone to Montana, where he expects to spend six glorious weeks hunting, fishing and enjoying life. After a well earned vacation, Cy plans to make a long deferred visit to his old home in North Carolina.

J. E. Dunn has left the service and has returned to his home in Superior, Montana. Frank Mix, gas car repairman, has also completed his work and returned to Superior.

Camps 207, 211 and 214, have all been disbanded and their outfits turned in. Foreman Rivers has left the service, while Foreman Kirkpatrick has taken over Camp 224 as a checking outfit. Hermanson is still out checking with 201 outfit, and Croak with Camp 204 and the three signal camps are also still in the field.

Mrs. P. G. Anspach and children, have gone to Montana on a prolonged visit. They will be joined later by Mr. Anspach and will then make a trip to Ohio to visit Mr. Anspach's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Jamison are the proud parents of a new baby boy. Mr. Jamison was formerly general substation inspector on electrification.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Bahler are spending a week at St. Regis.

C. H. MacSpadden and Miss Anna Marie Mihalick, announce their marriage, Saturday, November 8th, at Renton, Wash. This event has been long looked for and anxiously awaited, and we are glad to see such a happy ending to this romance. Our one regret is that we were unable to be present at the event and have the opportunity of returning various old shoes and sundry rice which were so profusely showered upon us some time ago. Here's hoping that Mr. and Mrs. MacSpadden will enjoy many years of wedded happiness.

Everett Moore, third trick operator at Cle Elum substation, went a-hunting for some of those 12 point deer that the natives tell about, but sad to relate he failed even to bring back a mess of tracks.

November 11th marked the inauguration of electric helper service on the west slope of the Cascades, between Cedar Falls and Rockdale. On that date, locomotive 10226 with a caboose and business car, made the trip from Kittitas to Cedar Falls under its own power. The trip was made absolutely without a hitch; every substation along the line taking the load as the test train passed over the adjacent territory. The overhead work was in perfect condition and the conclusion of the trip showed that the line passed over was in first class shape for immediate electrical operation.

Here's sincere wishes to everyone for a Merry Xmas and a Happy Holiday Season.

Miss Freda Stedman recently went to Spokane on her vacation.

Mott Sawyer has been entertaining "grievors" every afternoon for the past week between the hours of two and five. Our sympathy is extended.

We were delighted to receive a visit from Mrs. Kendall during the week of November 15th.

Oh, yes, I mustn't forget to tell you that we now have with us in the general superintendent's office, Miss Lucille Maricle, formerly connected with the Moberg office; Mrs. Josephine Clark, from the Tacoma office; John Telford, from the Tacoma office; C. B. Ingals, from Minneapolis, and J. E. Jones, from Chicago. Miss Maricle still pines for the blizzard-swept prairies. Messrs. Telford and Jones are both ex service men, the former having served nearly a year with the U. S. Marines in France.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jones on the birth of their third son, Sunday, November 16th. Mr. Jones has been employed in the general superintendent's office since his discharge from the U. S. Army, about three months ago.

Twin City Terminal Division.

"Molly O."

G. A. Van Dyke, superintendent of terminals, has been selected as a member of the Transportation Committee of the U. S. R. R. Administration, in charge of the Twin City terminals. Mr. Van Dyke's thorough knowledge of terminal conditions and his experience as operating man, makes him a very valuable man on this committee. E. E. Rummel, trainmaster of River Division, is acting superintendent of terminals during Mr. Van Dyke's absence on this committee.

Ralph E. Brown of Engineering Department, succeeds Roger Miller as lease clerk. Mr. Brown has just returned from Fort Sill, where he was a captain in the artillery.

Roger Miller has been promoted to instrument man, and assigned to field duty.

Charley Fulnecky is spending his vacation in Pennsylvania and New York visiting his folks.

Miss Jean Smith of the Telephone Department, spent a few days last week visiting her parents at Gary, S. D. Jean says she always has a good time when she goes out and brings it in.

Mrs. Lewis of the Legal Department, has gone to Wyoming to join her husband, who recently returned from service. Miss Sharretts succeeds her in the office.

Einer Lindquist has gone big game hunting. We are all waiting for our share of the deer, but judging from the number of Fatimas Einer took with him, he evidently expected to smoke them out instead of via the bullet route.

Miss Kitty Wright is rambling around the building wearing her most alluring smile in an endeavor to entice someone into giving her two sections in the filing room.

Room 18 was a very popular place during the big fire in the Consolidated Mill. It is a great pity the fire department chiefs were unable to avail themselves of all the coaching from the slide lines. There is sure a lot of fire-fighting talent going to waste in this building.

A very good time was had by those present at the dance given by the B. of R. & S. C. on the evening of November 13th.



Keep
Your Eyes
and
Baby's Eyes
Clean and
Healthy
by applying
MURINE
Night and
Morning.

If your Eyes
Tire, Itch,
Burn or
Discharge,
—Use—
MURINE.

Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated,
use MURINE often.
every ten minutes to every two hours
as best conduces to comfort.

Wholesome - Cleansing - Healing
Refreshing - Soothing

For Sale by Druggists

Write for our free "Eye Care" book.

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

On the Steel Trail

Milwaukee Shops Items.

"H. W. G."

At the Western Railway Club meeting, October 20th, Hon. Judge Irwin R. Hazen gave the fathers and employes some good advice as to looking after their young sons and boys in their employ in both the moral and physical necessity. Mr. Sillico's address, that followed, in the matter of freight car economics was very interesting, as were the numerous photographs in evidence. A dozen or more lantern slides of the worst cases thrown on the screen, would have shown them up still better. The club meetings are not quite up to expectations, but there is a slow improvement. Seems that each class is interested only in the subjects that they have to do with. Come on, boys, no matter what the subject is, or who the man is, give them a full house, you may learn something although not just in your line. It has been suggested that the eats be over sooner and get the meeting started promptly at 8 p. m. so that many can catch the 10:45 train, or even the 10 o'clock, if necessary.

The Mechanical Engineering office pay checks, due October 18th, went glimmering somewhere; instead we received a bunch of freight bills. Time checks were issued a few days later to help the boys out.

Superintendent of Motive Power E. J. Brennan, was in New York the 22d and 23rd.

F. P. Brock, M. C. E. chief clerk, was away on his vacation around the 20th. Rather late in the season, but then the leaves turned just "bootiful." Mr. Brock is just as smiling as ever.

Tinshop Foreman J. B. Neese's mother died suddenly at the home of her son in Milwaukee, and was buried in Sanborn, Ia., October 21st. Mr. Neese had been on his vacation to California, and returned via Minneapolis, his former home, and brought his mother home with him two weeks before. Suffering from a stroke, was the cause of the untimely death.

Chief Clerk Geo. Dayton and Jas. McCormack were in Minneapolis October 26th and 27th, attending the Accountant's Meeting of the system.

The Shop checking system caused a little commotion the 27th, which was adjusted a day or two later. These shops, however, unlike the most of the main railroad shops of the country are not fenced in. The old Prairie du Chien shops, foot of 2nd to 4th Streets had a fence around them in the early 60's but later were removed.

Say, Mr. Geo. Prentiss, Chief Chemist, if you

spill any more of that cooked sulphuric acid on the floor, the girls, the scrub lady, and all of us (and Jno. Horan), are going to cough our gizzards out. Please let this not happen again.

Our friend Earl Brady, roundhouse foreman at Seattle, was a welcome caller the 30th, looking finer than ever, if such is possible. Earl's father is still engineer of the Richland Center, Wis., branch.

Mighty glad to see Fresco Painter Jno. Baumgaertner back to work after a five weeks' layup and operation.

Someone the other day was inquiring for the "little short fellow with the cute face," meaning Geo. Plant, former blue-print boy, now in the drafting room.

Chas. Sanhoever disappeared suddenly from the drafting room. We learn that he is way out west working for Mr. Sillico. "Ma," you didn't even say bye, bye.

Veteran Cornelius Daly, mason at the Milwaukee shops, died October 29th. He had been in service since 1888, residing at 1815 Chestnut Street. Pneumonia was the cause of the sudden taking away.

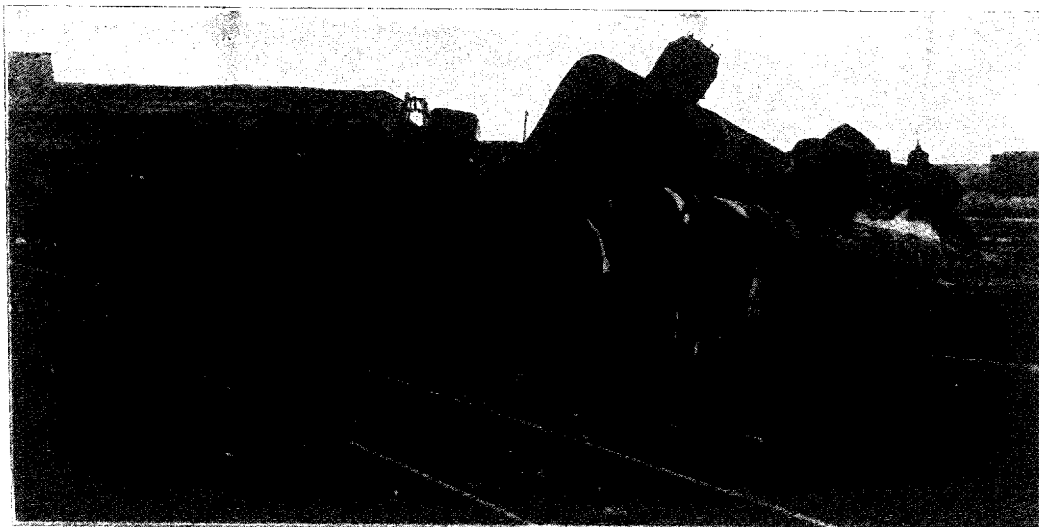
Miss Catherine Hoyne, who has been off a month from the S. M. P. office, in the hospital, returned to her desk the 6th. Glad to see Miss Hoyne with us again.

A sad accident it was, resulting in death, that happened to Jno. Knapp, electrical apprentice in Robt. Wellnitz's department. Mr. Knapp was working at the Minneapolis shops, and in attempting to pass between two cars, when quitting work for the day, October 28th, was caught between the couplers and lived but a short time. Mr. Knapp was a member of I. B. E. W. Local 528, and highly respected by his co-workers, who, with his many friends, deplore his untimely taking away, and mourn with the parents in their great loss.

The annual roundup of the Staff Meeting of the Car Department took place at Mr. Sillico's office, November 11th-13th, with a rousing farewell banquet down town the evening of the 13th.

Miss Belle Phillips enjoyed her annual vacation in New York early in the month. She claims to always have a good time when she goes to New York. Miss Phillips is stenographer for F. J. O'Connor, G. S. K.

We evidently got the east end of that Montana and Minnesota blizzard the 11th and 12th. A few outstanding radiators got nipped, but no great damage except the first syllable.



On the Scrap Heap—Milwaukee Shops.

Veteran Fritz Lemke, bolt cutter in the locomotive machine shops, will be 50 years in continuous service with the company, November 17th, 1919, and is one of the very few having that distinction. Mr. Lemke has run a bolt cutter for the last 46 years that I know of. He is 83 years old (a year older than Jno. Horan), which I think places him as the oldest active employe both in service and age, in the employ of the "Milwaukee Road." Working under Mechanical Heads Hackney, Hall and Davis way back in 1869 and the early '70s. When Doc Fairbairn was on crutches from a frozen foot from wrecking service in 1873, Lemke brought Fairbairn to work and took him home again every day for a long time in T. S. Davis' buggy.

Howard Player resigned from the Valuation Department, November 1st, to take up a more lucrative position elsewhere. Where, Howard? Sorry to hear you have left us.

The I.C.C. car "Alexandria" has been at the shops for some time, being used as an office for the present.

E. J. Brennan was away on over the lines most of the month.

Our janitor managed to swing Old Glory to the gale Armistice Day just as the whistles sounded at 11 a. m. for attention to the East, and then left the flag up all night through more gale. Attend to the flag, old boy, if it is smoked with age and service.

Applications in the Veterans' Association for 1920 are coming in good, also renewals for 1920 are flowing this way. A meeting of the shop committees and others will be called early in December to talk over matters.

The east room on Martin Starke's floor is also occupied by the overflow of record clerks. What a fine room this would make for stereopticon views and moving pictures, later on.

As a matter of safety first, how would it be to have all floors in the elevator shafts under-beveled? Might save a smashed foot.

You little fellow down in the drafting room, remember that dad's razor may be awful sharp.

By the way, Prentiss and myself have been asked to reef in our mustaches just like Charlie Chaplin's. Same will be attended to and appear in the next edition.

Which one is she going to marry? Which one? One of the boys down stairs or upstairs? More likely "down stairs."

What's the matter with the foundry items?

"All sold out Dr. Stop the sale. Dr., stop the sale."

Mechanical Valuation Office.

"F. E. W."

What in the world are the Newsfinders a-goin' to do? There's absolutely no excitement these days. Can't somebody get married or somethin'? What's the matter with all you fellows, you know she can't "pop the question" until 1920, and then look out. I'll bet there'll be more doing after the first of January. Of course everyone is busy, so much so in fact, that the air actually hums—but after 5:00 p. m. what's the big word? An afraid we're slipping up on the confidential notes.

Mr. Winter and his assistant are seen quite frequently in the M. V. O., and of course they are always Welcome with a capital "W."

We are still "stealing." Messrs. Geo. Crabbe, Jos. Holub, H. H. Harris, Frank Taylor, Henry Weiss and John New are among the new members of our force, being transferred from various other departments of the C., M. & St. P. Mr. Taylor comes from Dubuque, Ia., and Mr. Harris from South Minneapolis.

Mique Lyons "almost" saw the Wisconsin-Minnesota football game, but after the evening papers came out. He was not so very disappointed, seein' as how the "U" team got trimmed.

Jack Huepper had quite a little accident at the Union Depot. What were you trying to do, Jack, beat the train to the depot? He seems to have recovered—with but a slight limp to prove that he really had an accident.

The M. V. O. girls take this means of issuing a challenge to any five girl bowlers at the shops, any time, any place. Just say the word.



for

Stifel's Indigo Cloth

Standard for over 75 years



OVERALLS, COVERALLS, JUMPERS and UNIFORMS

Remember, it's the cloth in your overalls that gives the wear! Stifel's Indigo Cloth is a sturdy, fast-color fabric, the

This is Mr. Chas. Broll, one of the oldest engineers of the B. & O. who runs the famous "Royal Blue." Mr. Broll wears and wears by "true blue" Stifel Indigo Cloth.

dots and stripes positively will not break in the print. Ask for overalls, coveralls and uniforms of Stifel's Indigo Cloth, and be sure of the genuine, look for this trademark on the back of the cloth inside the garment. Your dealer can supply you. We are makers of the cloth only.

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Illinois Division. Mabel Johnson.

Bill Kuncce, stock yards superintendent, went hunting recently and actually got two squirrels; the rabbits were too fast for him, but he says that the gun wouldn't shoot. On account of the high cost of shells, we would advise Bill when shooting at a sitting rabbit to make sure it is a rabbit and not a "stump" before he shoots.

Elmer Bashaw, night ticket clerk, has moved his family to Mt. Carroll for the winter, and has rented his house at Savanna to Charles Vosburg, fireman on the Illinois Division.

William McElhenry, former engineer on the CM&STP, has been suffering with neuritis for a few weeks and is now in the hospital at Prairie du Chien, receiving treatment.

Dr. Nettie Chipman of Chicago, sister of General Yardmaster W. G. Chipman, visited her relatives in Savanna before leaving for California, where she has secured a position in a hospital.

Fireman Harry Hummel was brought from the Washington Boulevard Hospital to his home in Savanna to recuperate from his injuries sustained in an accident at Marion some time ago. His friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. R. L. Piper, wife of Conductor Piper, and son, Leslie, returned to their home in Chicago, after a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Savanna and Davenport.

The safety first meeting, held October 29th at Savanna proved very interesting and instructive. There was a full attendance. The ladies of the Baptist Church served a very fine spread to the men.

Mrs. A. DuFrane, wife of Conductor DuFrane, entered the Washington Boulevard Hospital for an operation, and have word to the effect that she is getting along fine, a fact we are pleased to learn.

Miss Madge Altenbern, daughter of Conductor C. A. Altenbern, of Denver, is visiting her parents and friends in Savanna for a short time.

Friends on the division learned with regret the death of Conductor Phil Whalen. He was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia, and it was only a few days until his death occurred. Deepest sympathy is extended to the family.

We wish to express our sympathy to Miss Teresa Powers and the family in their recent bereavement in the death of their father, which occurred October 28th, due to a paralytic stroke. Mr. Powers was an old and faithful employe, having served in the car department for many years, and his death is felt keenly by many friends. Floral offerings were sent by the superintendent's office, the car department and Veterans' Association as a token of sympathy.

The coal situation is keenly felt at Savanna, especially by the girls of the superintendent's office, in that their week-end trips to Clinton will be a thing of the past unless No. 29 "lands" them on the Freeport-Clinton "dinky."

We wonder why Hans Jess, chief carpenter's clerk, don't use "Oh, Heck" as his pet slang. He seems to think "Heckman" all right. How about it, Edna?

Put Donahue has been entertaining company (?) at the superintendent's office the past week—Messrs. Barclay and Holden the company, and "juggling figures," the entertainment stunt!

Miss Yvonne Losey is the new clerk at the car department office, relieving Miss Gladys Hall, who has taken a leave of absence.

Miss Mary Schunder of the chief dispatcher's office spent one day in Milwaukee the past week, visiting her sister, who is in the convent at that place.

In this Magazine appears the picture of Mrs. Anna Schmieg, depot janitress, and John Morehead, platform cleaner, at Savanna. Mrs. Schmieg has been employed at the depot about three years and John Morehead has been in the company's service for about twenty three years. The cleanly condition of the Savanna depot and platform is noticeable and appreciated by the public in general, and is all due to the faithful service of Mrs. Schmieg and Mr. Morehead.

We know of one from the superintendent's office who celebrated "Armistice Day" this year, as our 110 clerk, Charles Kleeman, attended a dance and just got home in time to make the change from his "glad rags" to his working "attire" and get to the office by 8 a. m.

For instructions on the operating rules of motor cars, please inquire of Chief Clerk M. G. Anjal, expert!

Vacant chair—the morning after the night before. Where wuz ya, Mae?

Windy City News.

E. A. R.

Frank Kaspar has a fad for collecting curios. The other day he found a neat little package of antique waybills, which he thought had been presented to him by the Interline Bureau. When he came over to thank Mr. Miller for them, he discovered that they were not newly acquired treasures and that he had had them in his possession for some time. We of the Interline do not deal in, neither do we deal out old bills. Ours are mostly new. We do not deny that we might have some that have taken on a little moss, but we have none that are covered with ivy, so when Mr. Kaspar and Ray Anderson wish to add to their collections, they need not apply to us.

If these notes get into print this month, our little friend, James Buster, shall have an evening of pleasure, sitting by the fireside reading the same. 'Tis well that you see them in print, James, for the original manuscript closely resembles a Chinese laundry slip, and it would take many an hour of earnest study for you to get the swing of our Merry Song, if you had to read it. A few words from your bureau would look well in print, Mr. James.

Charles Schulze wants Santa Claus to bring him a little magnet to use in pulling pins out of waybills. Well, believe us, if the bills were not pinned, Charlie would be praying for a paper of pins and a little hammer.

Herbert Rennback wants a new lantern for Christmas, so that some of the home folks out in Cicero can meet him at the end of the 12th St. line, when he returns to the family circle after a hard day's work, during the cold winter months.

Wm. J. Stern's wife expects to return from California on Christmas day, so Bill thinks he has a better Christmas present coming to him than anybody else has coming to them.

Frank Orłowski of the overcharge claim bureau met Lyle King, of the relief claim bureau, the other day, and asked him if he met a certain friend "over there". Lyle asked him to what division he belonged, and he replied: "Why, the same one you belonged to. He wears the same kind of a button."

Have you noticed George Sheldon with that big smile? Proud daddy of a bouncing baby boy. That's why.

Ye Correspondent and wife thank their many friends for the beautiful silver chest which was presented to them on their wedding day.

Miss Cecelia Elwart is now Mrs. Freese.

We are happy to see Mr. Aff back again after a serious illness.

Mrs. Lillian Schoenback-Noe and Mrs. Martha Fenger-Gansloser, two of our summer brides, resigned Saturday to take housekeeping as their future occupation.

The pin busting season is again with us and our experts are waiting to shoot at the 3-lb. maples.

We would like to have games against any team of "Milwaukee" boys and a match can be arranged for by referring to ye contrib. A good time is assured and your acquaintance will be very much appreciated.

There is only one change in the personnel of our team compared with last year. Our lineup is as follows:

A. J. Cowans, P. B.
E. M. May, R. K. and Captain.
R. P. Anderson, S. D.
S. A. Krumrat, H. H.
E. W. Mueller, C. P.
G. J. Aff, president.
E. M. May, secretary and captain.
J. C. Buster, treasurer and manager.
Milwaukee, Wis., please take notice.

Say, have you noticed? Miss Quillce is the recipient of that well known ring and is wearing same on the finger which speaks for itself.

J. R. Lipecki of the tracing bureau, since receiving his degree of D. D. S., parts his hair in the middle. Probably to help maintain his

balance when some patient wildly clutches his locks while Doc is killing a nerve.

Parker Gronwald was teasing a mustache, but had to part with same to restore himself in good graces with his better half.

Motoring on the Milwaukee.

Up and Down Hill on the Rocky Mountain Division.

Nora B. Sill.

Tommy Dievers got an ELK.

Did you see that outfit Roy Bates wears strapped around his neck to carry his train book and set of lists of wheel reports, etc., in? That's the reason he has to have thirty minutes more on a call than the rest of the fellows, so he can get up and dress in that prize outfit of his; not so bad at that? Some of the boys carry the set of books they have to keep nowadays to get over the R. M. with all their cars, in a flour sack, and all their wives are kicking all the time because they can't keep a new tea towel. Roy is going to get a patent on it and get rich. Pretty good idea for a dry state, too, come to think of it.

Charlie Shaduck got an ELK.

Mrs. H. L. Willrout was a Tacoma visitor for a week during November.

Train Dispatcher Jack Weatherly took his two weeks' vacation and spent most of the time with homefolks in Missouri, returning to work November 14th. Relieved by a new man, Mr. Cook.

Eddie Smith got an ELK.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden and Maggie Magett left first of November for a visit with friends and relatives in Minnesota, they were also guests of former Train Dispatcher Lambert while there. Mr. Lambert is located at Breckenridge which must be a nice town as it has such a nice name.

Mr. Pitman relieved on third Three Forks for one night; Mrs. Shaffer now working, during the absence of Mrs. Hayden.

Eddie Brash, a former R. M. Division fireman, who has for the last two years been in the navy, has returned to work.

A. J. Barton, night board man at Three Forks, and wife, have taken over the Wagner rooming house in this city and everyone wishes them the best of success in their undertaking.

Billy Murphy, a former R. M. Division brakeman, who has been in the army for a year, has again returned to work.

Every time you look at the Butte Miner or the Anaconda Standard you see a different picture of Jack Troupe. How does he get into print like that?

Miss Elvira Bergren, who has for a number of years been the timekeeper for the Rocky Mountain Division, has resigned her position and taken a new one on the coast. Best wishes of all go with her.

Fireman Shauger has returned from a trip to Texas and other southern states.

Engineer Jack Hamilton got an EL—No, it was ducks he got.

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll have returned from a trip to New York State, where Mrs. Driscoll went last summer for her health. She is greatly improved.

Mrs. Charles Rader, accompanied by her sisters, Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. French of Harlowton, and Mrs. Hoppe of Gardiner, Montana (where all the Elks in the world live), left November first for a visit with their sister, Mrs. Henderson of Seattle. They expect to be gone about three weeks.

The trouble shooter assignment on the west end has been pulled off. Tom Healey is on the east end and Conductor Donner, who has had this assignment for some time, is on extra passenger.

Fireman Kinze got an ELK.

J. J. Toy, conductor, makes out his train lists in the dark, that is the reason they look the way they do. The reason I know is because the lights went out in our little office while he was checking out and he never missed a station number. Only thing he did was fall down over the caller's dog, but he kept right on writing.

Bill Connors is over on the east end for life. He is almost caught up with his correspondence now.

Fireman Soares got an ELK.

Mrs. Kendall stopped off ten minutes while the coach passengers ate their "ham and," in Three Forks first of the month, on her way to Seattle.



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Two wonderful \$4.00 shirts for only \$5.75. Save at least \$2.00. Everybody wearing these semi-dress Gray Flannel Shirts for business, work and sport.

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Send No Money Write today. Shirts will be sent at once, transportation prepaid. Pay only \$5.75 on arrival—no more. Money back at once if not more than pleased with the wonderful value. Be sure to give neck-band size.

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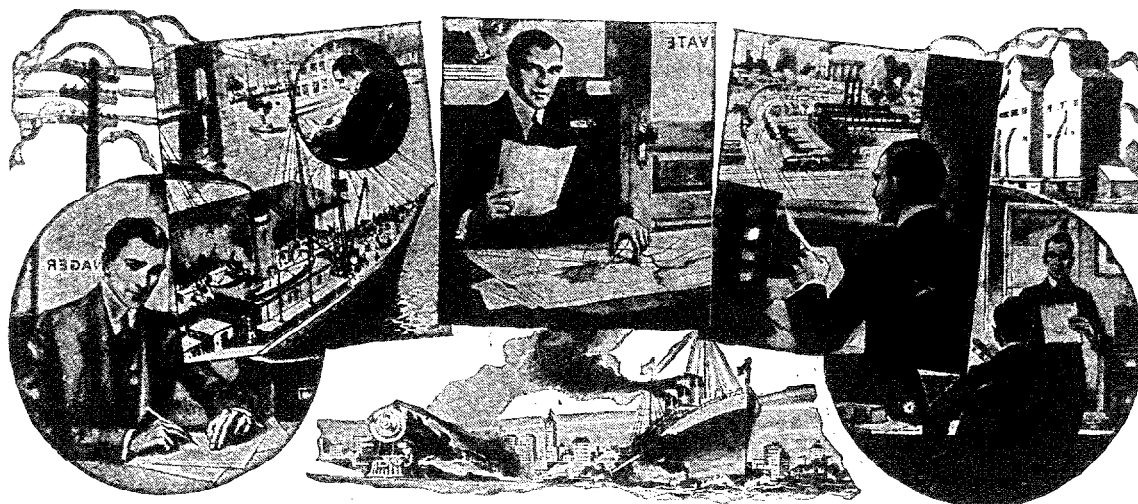
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A Bigger Job Yours—If You Master Traffic Management

Reconstruction work to be done in Europe and expansion of our foreign trade means a greater demand than ever before for men trained as traffic experts. Great plants working overtime—raw materials shipped in—finished products shipped out—carloads, trainloads, shiploads, going North, East, South, West—contracts placed not on price basis, but for quick delivery—that is the condition we are facing.

"We must have efficient traffic men" say manufacturers, jobbers, railroads, ship owners. Hundreds are needed where one is available. This is the chance for ambitious men to rise to higher positions—to get into an uncrowded calling—to have the specialized knowledge which commands big salaries.

Train by Mail Under LaSalle Experts

This opportunity is yours now. Train while you hold your present job. Only your spare time required to become proficient in every branch of traffic.

Learn from men who have held or are among those now holding the highest positions in the field. Get practical training—the training which equips you to step into one of the highest places. This is what the LaSalle experts offer you.

They will explain every point concerning Freight Rates, Classifications, Tariffs, Bills of Lading, Routing, Claims, Demurrage, Express Rates, Ocean Traffic, R. R. Organization, Regulation and Management, Laws of Carriers, Interstate Commerce Rulings, etc. etc.

How many men are expert on even one of these subjects? You will be made proficient in all.

And here is something more—your enrollment gives you free the privileges of our Business Consulting Service. This means advice from our staff whenever you need help on any special business problem.

Over 800 people here—300 business experts among them—are ready to put you

on the road that leads directly to advancement. Get the complete, combined experience of many authorities, all given in easily understood form.

No Large Fees

The total cost is small. Your increase in earnings will soon pay it (see in next column what McMullen, Wright and other members say). Then also you can pay on easy terms—a little each month if you wish. No hardship in getting this training. Any man can afford it. And the time is now—when the great movement in business is beginning. Give a few hours weekly of your spare time for a few months—and get a larger salary.

Send the Coupon and Get All the Facts

Your request will bring complete information. We will tell you just what the course offers in every detail; all about the opportunities open to trained traffic men. We will also send you our book, "Ten Years Promotion in One" which has shown thousands of men the short road to promotion. If you are ambitious to rise—if you want to enter a paying and uncrowded field of business, get these facts. Sending the coupon implies no obligation upon you. Mail it today.

B. S. McMullen was a freight checker on the docks at Seattle.

Two years after beginning the LaSalle Course in Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management he was appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent.

He said that it would probably have taken him 8 or 10 years to make this advance if he had depended merely upon work and experience.

LaSalle experts helped him to reach the top in the space of months.

T. J. Wright, an Illinois member, reports three promotions since taking the course.

H. S. Watson, of Michigan, figures his increased earning capacity at 400 per cent.

Fred Hoffman, an Ohio member, reports 500 per cent profit on his investment in one year.

Among the many LaSalle trained men who are now Traffic Managers or Experts on Interstate Commerce are:

Wm. Ritchie, Vice-President and Traffic Manager, Philadelphia Lawn Mower Co.

F. E. Combs, Traffic Director, Twin City Traffic League, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

F. E. Hamilton, Traffic Manager, Retail Merchants Association of Canada.

Mr. Hamilton says: "I cannot speak too highly of this institution. The course is up-to-date, authentic, and easily understood. My only regret is that I did not take it up five years ago."

The success these men have made can be paralleled by any other ambitious man who will do as they did—train!

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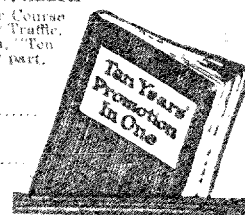
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Please send me your catalog and full information on your Course and Consulting Service in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic. Also a copy of your valuable book for the ambitious man, "Ten Years Promotion in One." This without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

Present Position.....



and the same length of time, Nov. 15, on her way back to home and TIM. She gave us some candy. Come again.

Brakeman Workman got an ELK, not—but he thinks he is going to, as there have been four large ones promised to him.

Brakeman Van Hosen got TWO ELKS.

Pinky Sims has gone to Minneapolis as something or other for the American Legion—to make it safe for Montana or something; he will soon be back and tell us about it.

William Cosgrove, one of our popular passenger conductors, and Miss Mollie O'Neill of Sioux City, Iowa, were married in St. Paul, Minn., October 27th, returning to their home in Deer Lodge after a trip to the coast November 10th. The division extends the best of wishes and trusts they will have much happiness.

Fireman Waldron got an ELK.

Charles Rader was a Great Falls visitor during the first part of November, also made a trip to Missoula.

Brakeman Lee got an ELK.

Assistant Superintendent Wiltrout left November 15th for Tacoma.

We are sorry to learn of the transfer of Roadmaster Martin from our division to the Missoula, with headquarters at Avery. The best of luck go with him, however.

The ELKS got Firemen Fink and Decco. Now suppose they will go get an ELK so they can be sure the teeth are real ones.

Dubuque Shops Honors Its Returned Heroes.

Charles A. Wright.

On Saturday evening, October 18th, the employees of the Dubuque Shops, under the supervision of its local Patriotic Committee, staged one of the grandest and most inspiring receptions for their returned heroes and shopmates that was ever held in the city of Dubuque. Great credit was due to the Patriotic Committee, who foresaw many months ago the advisability of raising a fund through the conducting of entertainments for the purpose of holding the reception, when the time came for our shopmates and brother workers to be released from

the army. It was a thought the committee had in mind, in order to show, in at least a small way, their appreciation of the sacrifices which our fellow workers had made in order to free the world of despotism and militarism, and also make it possible to promote democracy.

A grand banquet and dance was held at the Julien Hotel. The banquet was served to about 175 returned soldiers, together with a number of invited guests, speakers and entertainers. During the banquet an orchestra furnished delightful music. Mrs. Maude Marshall Kingsland opened the program with "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was followed by a number of solos, rendered in a most beautiful manner. Miss Lucile Beckler, our noted contralto singer, and Louis Schwartz, baritone singer, rendered several solos, which were well received. The two principal speakers of the evening were Dr. J. F. Clokey and Rev. Father Hoffman, both of whom had served overseas as army chaplains. The guests sat in silence and meditation as the speakers told of their experiences on the battle front, and of the gruesome sights they had witnessed during the war. Both speakers were received with hearty applause.

William Stansfield acted as toastmaster, and carried out his duties in a very able manner. He called on James J. Connors, our former assistant superintendent of motive power, and also the father of the Patriotic Committee, to say a few words, which Mr. Connors responded to, saying that all of his wishes were fully realized in the organization of the committee which performed its duties admirably, and which deserved great credit for the way it had handled the loan drives and all other work which it was called on to perform.

Mr. Stansfield then called on the different members of the committee for a speech. This sudden surprise turned the entertainment into a veritable comedy. Every member was called on from Fred Grentzmack, the man who said "it can't be done," to Bob Sommers, "the man who never told his wife a lie."

The banquet entertainment was then concluded with the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" in chorus. We then marched to the beautiful gold room, where the evening was spent in dancing and merry-making.

The Purple Ribbon means accuracy

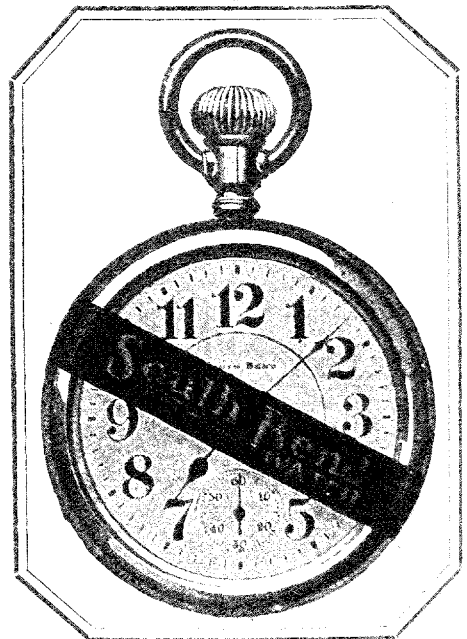
When you see a South Bend Watch displayed in a jeweler's store with the band of purple ribbon across the dial, remember that this ribbon signifies accuracy.

Because every watch with the purple ribbon is designed, built and tested with accuracy as the first consideration. South Bend Railroad Watches are subjected to unusually severe tests amply justified by the uniformly excellent records they are making in railroad service.

The supply is entirely unequal to the greatly increased demand this year, so if you are able to secure a South Bend Watch from *your* jeweler you may consider yourself especially fortunate.

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Why Electrical Workers Are Needed.

Consider for a moment what part electricity plays in every-day life, in the comfort, convenience, pleasure and even health of the whole civilized world.

Think of having to ride in horse cars again—

of writing a letter every time you now phone—

of waiting days for what the telegraph does in a few minutes—

of no automobiles or moving picture shows—

Electricity takes millions to and-from work. Without it the automobile and airplane would be impossible—the telephone and telegraph would be useless. All the civilized world relies on it for light, heat, transportation and communication. In a thousand ways electricity is used in factories, offices and in the homes.

Electricity is almost as essential as the air we breathe. Business would be almost at a standstill if deprived of its energy.

To say that electricity is still in its infancy is no exaggeration. Every day brings into practical use some new method of controlling it, some new device or appliance for using it. In industrial work there are still scores of operations where electricity will be utilized sooner or later. The day is coming when the railroads will entirely replace steam with electricity. Doctors, dentists and scientists are only beginning to realize the possibilities of electrical energy.

These facts merely touch the high spots, yet they prove beyond a doubt that electricity plays a vital part in business, in our individual lives, and that there is unlimited scope for those who make electricity their life work.

The electrical worker provides other men light to work by, the telephone and telegraph to convey their orders, the power to run their machines and transport their goods. He supplies power in the homes to operate washing machines, vacuum cleaners; for ironing, heating and ventilating. In short, it is the electrical worker who makes it possible for the world to live more comfortably, to enjoy more pleasures and to do a bigger, more profitable business.

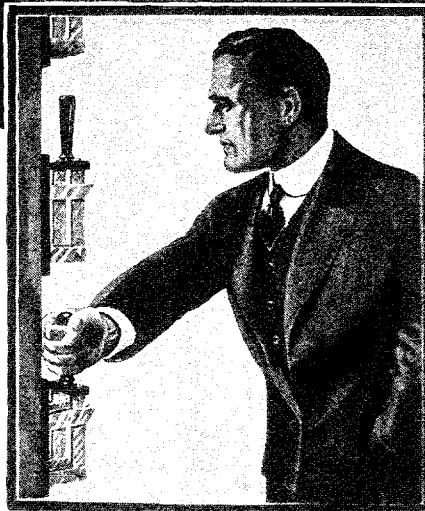
Try to realize just what it would mean if the world were deprived of this wonderful energy and you will have a better idea of its importance and understand why the electrical worker is always needed.

What Electricity Offers You

Once you have mastered the A-B-C of electricity you are confronted with unlimited opportunities for advancement. You can specialize in extending and perfecting the wonders already accomplished in the field. You may take up those branches of electrical and mechanical work which cover the design and manufacture of electrical apparatus or start in to qualify for a well-paid position in the designing, construction, operating or consulting branches of the electrical engineering profession, and to fit yourself eventually for a position as Distribution, Operating, Testing, Erecting or Designing Engineer.

In the automobile, airplane, telephone and telegraph lines there is also great scope for the trained electrician. Many wonders of electricity have yet to be unfolded—its uses multiplied—and opportunities still greater for those who can qualify.

With all these indisputable facts—things you absolutely know to be true—can you doubt for a moment that in choosing electricity for your lifework you are making a wise choice?



How You Can Qualify

You don't have to interfere with your present work while qualifying for a good electrical position. The American School can give you just the training you need in your SPARE TIME. Our electrical courses have been specially prepared for home study—are written so you can understand everything quickly—and from your first lesson until you get your Diploma expert instructors coach you. Our training will enable you to get into the game RIGHT.

Read This Guarantee—Then Act

"We guarantee at any time during the first year of your enrollment to refund the entire amount paid if, immediately upon the completion of ten examinations, you notify the School that you are not satisfied with your course."

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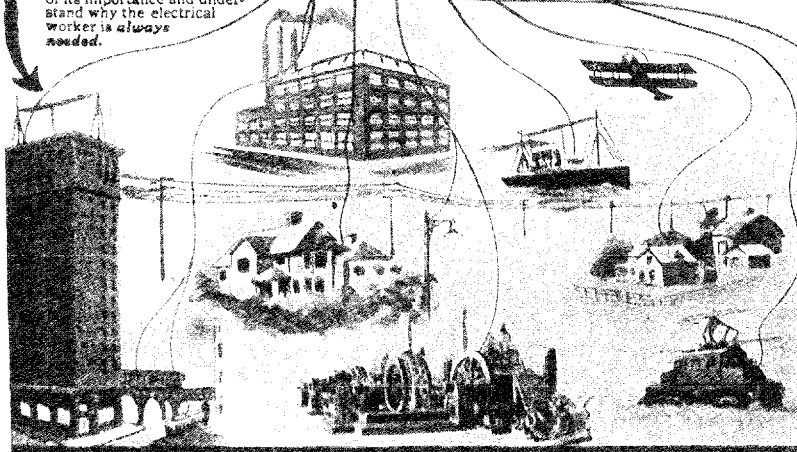


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| Master Plumber | Certified Pub. Acct't |
| Civil Engineer | Accountant and Auditor |
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| Western Union Course | Cert. Education Course |
| Telebells Engineer | Com. School Branches |
| Draftsman and Designer | Fire Insurance Adj't |
| Automobile Engineer | Shop Superintendent |
| | Steam Engineer |
| | Stenographer |

Name.....

Address.....



River Division Nothings.

"Bell."

Mrs. Editor! Ye Scribes and Scribblers! Readers of the Magazine! I wish you one and all the Merriest of Christmases! Cheer O! Still a dozen shopping days left until the Big Day. If you haven't any lucre to go a-shopping with, go shop lifting. One way or the other it will serve the purpose. If you get by with it, well and good. If not, you'll land behind the bars and your many friends will expect no Christmas gift from you this year. What's more, you will enjoy your captivity without worrying about the "wherefrom." Shop late and get plenty of jam. There'll be an abundance in spite of the scarcity of sugar. Buy your wife a box of cigars for yourself. That beats letting her buy them for you. She will probably get you a seal-skin wrap for herself. If you are unmarried, get your best girl a box of candy and help her eat it. Christmas brings forth the Mistletoe and the Niggertoe. Take stock December 31st. If you find an over-stock of sins, swear off and start the New Year by turning over a new leaf.

Comes the good news of the promotion of Chief Dispatcher M. T. Skewes. His new title reads "Acting Trainmaster, River Division." He's had it coming a long time, and we know he'll make good. May his next promotion be not so far distant as we don't want him to wear out any rungs on the ladder of Success.

Given a bubbling brook laugh, a long fat corn-tassel braid down her back, and a pair of black-eye Susan eyes peeping from beneath a sea blue sunbonnet, what's a feller to do? "Surrender," says Clarence York, River Division fireman. Farmington seems to be the center for the various types of farm beauties, and it's no wonder the fellows working there are always happy. Karl Stuetzel's little potato patch to carnival vis a vis, we understand, is hibernating in said carnival's winter headquarters. Doesn't take a spy-glass to see why he's working so hard for a month's furlough.

Train stopped on Vermillion River bridge, two miles east of Hastings. Out stepped Brakeman Rogowski, thinking he was at Hastings. Down, down, down, he went, wrenched a pier and struck his back, and kept right on going down. His yells for assistance and the lighted lantern he carried, informed the other trainmen that Rogowski had done the "high dive," and so by their aid he was fished from a watery grave. Latest reports are that he is still recuperating in the Hastings hospital. Suppose his grin will be more sheepish than ever when he gets out, but we hope to see said grin in the very near future.

Huldah Sens of Winona, had better not visit La Crosse quite so often. She may get more than a gentle touch of the influenza instead of just carrying home a little grip.

The auto bus at Wabasha had a dispute with one of our trains recently, as to which had right of way. No chance for an argument says our train, and the little old bus and driver say the fact has plenty of time to soak in while they are being mended at their respective hospitals. Experience is the best teacher, although often times cruel.

River Division trains escaped elimination from time tables account coal shortage. Too much business and they just can't be spared.

Who the dickens wrote the piece "Strikes and Rumors of Strikes," published in the November Magazine? It's a really clever bit of work, and I can't see why anybody should blame me for it. Let the guilty person declare himself. Don't be backward. ("Fellow Workman" is a Tacomaite, Editor.)

At the time I got out my November news items, I rushed through them so madly that I overlooked some very good news I was writing. So Severin Anderson says "shoulders will not be padded." Thank Heaven, say I. For why? Listen and I'll communicate to you the reason. A short while ago while dancing, I felt something tickling me on the chin, and try as hard as I could, it seemed impossible to brush aside the offending tickler. At the end of our dance I inspected my partner's shoulders, and lo and behold, to my utter disgust, from out said shoulder protruded a long, coarse, straight, stiff, black, upholstery stuffing, kind of hair. It was one on me, but you won't hurt my feelings if you do laugh. I expect there are others besides myself, who will be overjoyed to learn that the unlicensed tickler will no longer exist.

I crowed about the "information bureau," and

Telegraphy Pays BIG MONEY

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already here comes a reader who wishes to know the origin of "23." Let me explain:

"When Noah built the ark he constructed twenty-four staterooms on the saloon deck for the use of himself and his wife, together with Shem, Ham and Japheth and their wives (if they had any). Now it so happened that stateroom No. 23 was right over the wheel, and next door to the apartment occupied by the jackasses. This stateroom was shunned like a pestilence by everybody on board, and Noah was sagacious enough to put it to good use. When any of the boys became mischievous and fished over the rail for cod or haddock instead of attending to their duties of watering the stock, Noah would throw the culprit in irons and say, "23 for yours!" Then he would lock the offender in stateroom No. 23. What with the vibrations of the bunk caused by the paddle-wheel and the braying of the jackasses, rest or peace in No. 23 was out of the question, and ere long the imprisoned one would promise to be good if released. Thus when Noah from the bridge would holler, "23!" the expression meant something on board the ark, and carried with it terrible significance. Subsequently this expression became slightly corrupted so as to mean "Skiddoo!" or "Get gone!" and this interpretation has become crystallized into our English as she is written, rotten and spoken."

Get me? I hope not, as I want to live a little longer. So I'll be on my way. A—chew!

Prairie Breezes—Aberdeen Division.

A. F. Reuland.

Well, back to the old desk, and again our Magazine hears from the Sunshine State. The boys all appear to be the same, even in a sociable game, naturally a newcomer arrived, and instead, most of us were listeners and tendered gracefully, at least I know one that did.

Experience is a wonderful thing, isn't it, Georgia? It always was a puzzle to us why our Miss Ryan was so anxious to pose as the "June Bride-to-be" when our Kenneth forked us, but we sure know now. Miss Georgia Ryan has been our assistant timekeeper for the past year, but evidently she'll keep time for someone else now, since she has left Aberdeen for Minneapolis where she will join hands with one of our overseas boys. You have our heartiest wishes, Georgia.

Max Hanson has accepted a position with the Freight Department as expense clerk in our local freight office.

William Lee, for the past twenty years ice house foreman at Aberdeen, has resigned his position and departed for England.

Paul St. John, formerly night agent at Aberdeen, is our new ice house foreman.

Miss Ruth McCarthy, stenographer in the Legal Department, has returned from a three weeks' stay in Ohio.

Miss Eva Stevens, stenographer in the Legal Department, is spending a few days in Minneapolis.

C. O. Newcomb, solicitor, D. D. Collins, inspector, and H. F. Gibson, chief dispatcher, were at Mott, N. D. last week to attend court.

Don Owens, ticket clerk, visitor to Minneapolis last week to attend Illinois and Minnesota football game.

Mrs. A. C. Stewart, has just returned from her two months' stay in California.

Miss Pearl Paulson, stenographer to the superintendent, spent a few days in Montevideo.

Miss Clara Zinn was a recent visitor to Minneapolis, where she spent a few days visiting friends.

What's happened to Don and Mike? They don't appear on the going-away list this month. Possibly it's on account of the Aberdeen Fairst. Anyway, Mike is seeking advice on how to address her. It couldn't be that Don is adopting the same principles.

Miss Margaret Anderson, division clerk, spent a few days in Minneapolis last week visiting friends at the University.

A. B. Ostoff, former chief clerk in the Accounting Department at Aberdeen, has been assigned to S. C. & D. Division, at Sioux City, as chief accountant. All wish you success, Alvin.

Brotherhood of Railway Clerks held a regular business meeting last Wednesday. After business hour the entertainment committee arranged for a dance and light luncheon. Very enjoyable evening was had by all.

W. T. Spriggs, agent at Woonsocket, has re-

turned after an enjoyable vacation and is again on duty at his station.

Miss M. E. Wilson has returned from her visit to coast points and is again on duty as agent at Westport.

A safety first meeting was held last week. Quite a few suggestions were offered and discussed by the members. The committee with the aid of the employees will make every effort to keep this territory in safe condition. S. E. Keane acted as chairman, in the absence of Superintendent Harstad.

M. C. B. Jottings.

"Izetta."

I once saw a little quotation—"Don't get discouraged, it is often the last key on the bunch that opens the lock," but it surely is enough to get anyone discouraged when there isn't a person around here who gives me any items for the "Jottings."

P. G. Winters, corporate mechanical engineer, and I. J. Stewart, Chicago, were going over matters in the M. C. B. office a few days during the month. Will be glad to see you again, and will try to get a good picture of you next time.

Found—a dog. Owner can have same by proving property. Apply to EAB or EFP.

C. E. Halbad, carman, St. Maries, Idaho, was shaking hands with different ones in the M. C. B. office.

F. P. Brock, chief clerk, enjoyed a two weeks' vacation. We haven't been able to find out just where Mr. Brock went, but we have a slight hunch that he went to Omaha. When I asked him he said, "Just say I had a quiet, restful time," so there you are. J. A. Holub was acting chief clerk during Mr. Brock's absence.

There have been a number of changes in this office during the past month. Catherine Butler is now equipment accountant; Edna Powell will handle the work previously taken care of by Miss Butler; Al Leonard will be assistant payroll estimator; Eugene Kleiner is assisting Erwin Bertram on the bad order reports; Emma Wagner will assist with the filing, and Frank Skola was promoted from the outer office to the Bill Sorting Department. The vacancy left open by Miss Huelsbach leaving the Company has been filled by Ye Scribe, with Albena Wittak handling the work previously done by myself.

There is somebody in this office who would like to exchange his chair for a good one. The other day, the above-mentioned chair gave one of the gentlemen quite a jolt. He was telephoning and all of a sudden, b-u-m-p, and there was this gentleman on the floor with the telephone in his hand. Well, they say a good laugh is just as good as medicine; and I think quite a few will agree to that.

Miss Stell Huelsbach, who recently quit the employ of the C., M. & St. P., was given a gold friendship circle pin by the employees of the M. C. B. and M. C. B. billing offices, to remind her of the circle of friends she has at the West Milwaukee shops.

A staff of the Car Department, C., M. & St. P. System, was held from November 10th to 13th, inclusive, at Milwaukee shops. About 60 members were present. A number of very interesting papers were read by J. J. Hennessey, assistant master car builder; Geo. T. Martin, assistant general superintendent motive power; R. L. Whitney, statistician; F. D. Campbell, assistant master car builder; J. A. Deppe, assistant to master car builder, and the district general car foreman, general and car foremen. A discussion followed the reading of each paper. Due to General Superintendent Motive Power H. R. Warnock's inability to be present at the meeting, his paper was read by Master Car Builder L. K. Sillcox.

A most impressive feature of the meeting of the 11th, was the two minutes of silent prayer from 11:00 a. m. to 11:02 a. m., at which time these 60 men arose and faced the East in honor of the soldiers who lost their lives in the great cause, the first anniversary of which we celebrated on that day.

Messrs. L. B. Jensen, G. S. P. C. D.; C. G. Juneau, D. S. P. C. D., and Chas. Petram, G. M. P., were on the arrangement committee, and they all agreed that these three men were very adept in arranging for the comfort and entertainment of the out of town visitors.

Flashovers from Deer Lodge Store Department.*"Betz."***A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.**

General Foreman J. A. Wright has been appointed master mechanic at Tacoma. Deer Lodge does not seem the same place without his smile. We regret his leaving us, but glad to see him go back to Tacoma as master mechanic, and all send their best wishes with him. M. R. Moody is now general foreman at Deer Lodge.

Miss Bessie Larsen is back, but she isn't the only one that got back. Bessie goes home for dinner all the time now, because "Joe's in town." We all know he was a sailor, and Bessie looks real nice in a sailor's blouse.

All have heard stories of fellows going home without their hats, but how many have you really seen? Looks serious, Cooney.

Oh, gee. We had a lieutenant working with us, and the superintendent's office stole him. We can at least say we enjoyed his company the short time he was with us.

Girls and girls and more girls! It looks like a young ladies' boarding school when the 5 o'clock whistle blows and they all come marching out. The store department is using all the girls available in order to get a special inventory worked up. They have an office all their own in the back of the store room, and are supervised by Charles E. Heward of Tacoma.

Miss Minnie Neilson has accepted a position in the accountant's office and has come all the way from Chicago. If you don't know her, just be on the lookout for Dave. Yes, that is the girl I mean—the one with David Ehrlich.

Alvira Bergren resigned as chief timekeeper from the superintendent's office, and all regret to see her leave, but as she was failing in health, they sent her off with a smile, the best of wishes and a speedy recovery.

Frank Hull, now assistant chief clerk of the store department, is from Kansas City. No, he's not from Missouri.

EVERYBODY IS DOING IT. Below, a list of newlyweds:

John Traverso, tin shop foreman, and Miss Anne Jensen were married October 5th. Johnny didn't know what to do he was so happy. Why, he even thought there was eight days in a week, because he said to the general foreman, "Can I have eight days off next week? I want to get hitched up."

Miss Mabel Stensrud of the superintendent's office and Lee Browning were married in Deer Lodge, October 18th, and now living in Missoula.

Isadore Speck, our smiling little switchman, did it, too. He was married during the past month in Salt Lake City.

And to think Charley Tokley, assistant accountant of superintendent's office, went and did it. The lucky girl was Mae Weatherston, a well known Deer Lodge girl.

George Martin, blacksmith helper, claims he lost his cook when his sister, Miss Myrtle Martin, became the bride of William Reed. Never mind, George, maybe she will bring him home.

LOADS OF HAPPINESS, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL!

We have heard rumors about Ralph Bagley, substation clerk, but it begins to look serious when he wants to know how to spell C-r-e-p-e D-e-h-e-n-e.

Wonder if Car Foreman Clyde Medley of Seattle called his stop-over in Deer Lodge a visit? Never would have seen him if I had not been at the depot when the train arrived. His brother, Earl, "visited" a few days in Seattle and Tacoma. Would like to know if it was "business."

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Farman are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy, October 31st. The young man will be known as Willard Miles.

Wooden Shoe Doings.*"Mitch."*

On the morning of the 17th "Pink" Gavin, engine dispatcher, came to work with one black shoe and one brown shoe on. His alibi is that it was dark in his room that morning.

"Bony" Lynn is calling on last shift at Green Bay shops.

Luther Burbank never heard of this piece of ground:

Phil Deguire has a lot on the west side of Green Bay that he claims two Irishmen could not raise a row on, but he has some lot on the east side. Celery grows 9 feet tall. He planted

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some cucumbers one morning and they grew so fast he was covered with vines before he left, and the pumpkins are so large they have to use cant-hooks to roll them on the wagons, and it's no d—lie either, so Phil says.

Atland ("Ole") Olsen, night roundhouse foreman, is back on the job again after having his appendix removed.

Fireman George Madden is confined in St. Vincent's hospital with a severe attack of stomach trouble.

Night Policeman "Dick" Jackson was right on the job the other night when he discovered a carload of coal on fire. He notified the switch crew at once and had the car put under water plug before much damage was done.

On November 11th, Fox River became so low, due to high wind, that the water supply to the shops was cut off. "Ole" Olsen, night roundhouse foreman, was quite busy celebrating the armistice by trying to get water from the city to keep things moving.

Operator A. J. Holmes, Green Bay shops, has accepted the agency at White Pine, Mich.

Agent John St. John of Abrams, is off on a leave of absence. He is relieved by Operator Ray Ellis.

Conductor John Stein, who has been assistant trainmaster for some time past, is running train again.

Brakeman Peter Durbin who was quite seriously injured two months ago, is improving rapidly and expects to be back to work before long.

Engineer John Milles has improved so much that he is now able to get around with a cane, although his ankle is still giving him much pain.

Engineer Ed. Meetz is back running a switch engine in Green Bay yard. Ed has been running on the Elkhart switch run all summer.

Billy Hetherington, our old call boy of a few years ago, is back with us again and is holding down the second shift.

Well, "Red," maybe she will give you the watch for an Xmas present.

News of the Prairie du Chien Division.

C. A. Mix.

To the Employees of the Prairie du Chien Division: We wish to extend our gratitude for the beautiful flowers sent at the time of our great sorrow and loss.

Mrs. J. H. Calvert,

Clarence C. Calvert,

Mrs. Ida Calvert,

Whitewater, Wis.

Lawrence Carney, who has been out of service for about a year, has been working on the stone train at Waukesha for a few days, doing the heavy in the absence of Conductor Wilson, who has been in Chicago on business.

The employees of the Prairie du Chien Division express their sympathy to John Lawless, agent at Waukesha, whose mother died at Prairie du Chien, October 21st.

The wife and daughter of Baggageman Mat. Masten of Waukesha, have been visiting at Creston, Iowa.

Mike Devereaux has been at Minneapolis on business.

Hy Gottschalk, extra conductor, and Miss Ludeanu, of the City of Springs, were married. After an elaborate wedding celebration, which lasted several days, they took a trip through Northern Wisconsin, and reside now at Milwaukee.

Frank Spillard, third trick operator at Waukesha, has fully recovered and has gone back to work.

Jos. P. Philips who was baggage man at Waukesha for about seventeen years, was buried October 15th at Waukesha.

We again see the smiling countenance of Conductor Thos. Callahan on the Waukesha Scott.

J. V. Derivan has resumed his position as first trick operator at Waukesha.

News seems to be very scarce this month, as we haven't heard of any more jumping from the pan into the fire, and everybody seems to have settled down to another year's work after having a vacation.

Chief Clerk O. Kloetznor and Division Accountant C. A. Payne, attended the meeting of chief clerks and division accountants at Minneapolis, October 26 and 27th, for the purpose of simplifying the divisional accounting system and making accounting practices uniform on all divisions. Both report that they had a very pleasant time, and that the meeting was highly instructive.

We would like to draw a picture of the new stove in the roadmaster's and chief carpenter's office, but our artistic ability along those lines is SO limited. A cordial invitation is extended to any one interested to call at said office and inspect same.

We noticed there was quite a display of glad rags while several people from the Windy City were in Madison.

We notice Miss Lillian Qualman still makes those weekly visits to Milwaukee. We wonder why she has never become reconciled to Madison for Sundays? But if we knew all we have wondered, we would be VERY wise.

Patricia Foley has resumed her duties after an illness of two days with tonsillitis.

Niel Nielson has left the freight office to undergo an operation. We wish him all kinds of luck. Charles Higgins has succeeded him, and while he is very bashful, Mr. Fagg thinks he will come out on top.

"Butch" Tormey and Chief Seery went hunting for rabbits. What did you get, Butch?

Don Ferris and wife have settled in their little home on West Main Street.

Our leader, "Pa Foley," called a meeting of the members of the bowling team in the Lunch Wagon, Saturday noon, to appoint a night for the team to play. We learned the Chicago Bandits' Bowling Team has challenged her team to play and has been accepted. The date has not yet been mentioned.

Miss Bernice Buehler spent her vacation in Great Falls, Mont., visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kroetz. Mr. Kroetz formerly was roundhouse clerk for this road at Madison.

J. H. Vanderhie, pump repairer, has been appointed general chairman of the Maintenance of Way Organization. E. M. Cleveland, pump repair helper, has been promoted to Mr. Vanderhie's position.

Rufus Robison is at the Prairie du Chien sanatorium undergoing an operation.

Fred Marshall, operator, has gone to Prairie du Chien to relieve Rufus Robison.

R. & S. W. Items.

M. J. Carvey.

Conductor W. B. Tilton, our pioneer conductor, is spending the week-end hunting at Delavan Lake. Owing to the fact the "Safety First Drive" being in effect from October 18th to 31st, inclusive, Mr. Tilton took a machine gun along to enable him to get some game; and with the aid of Engineer Smith, got a 10-lb. goose.

Switchman Fred Schwabke returned to Beloit after spending a few days duck hunting at Delavan Lake, to prepare for a deer hunting trip in Northern Wisconsin woods.

Several broken rails have been found recently. What will become of our streak of rust when old man Frost gets busy?

The switch run between Beloit and Davis Junction has been pulled off, and Conductor John Regan is doing laborious labor in Beloit yard.

Operator Jack Dorchester is spending a few weeks in the Rockies hunting elk.

Operator Tom Smith's mother died at Allens Grove, November 12th. We all extend our sympathy.

Dispatcher Geo. Lane has purchased another can, road-louse, Lizzie, or what-you-may-call-it—any how, he has two now.

Dispatcher L. A. Fisher is spending a couple of weeks' vacation about Chicago.

In about two weeks more the sugar beet harvest will be finished and by the number of carloads passing over the division to the different sugar plant, looks as if this district did its bit toward keeping chocolates on the market for "Dennie."

Home Guard Spur.

G. V. M. Gibson did a job of re-railing, that set our brothers on the North Shore Line by the ears, the other day. They had called for the big hook and had the juice line lipping on one leg. Gih wanted the eight ears of beers that they had sewed up, so he grabbed a switch engine and did the "impossible" in just twelve minutes. That boy certainly can make a box car sit up and say "daddy."

When a fellow gets stone-blind in both eyes, it's natural that he should want to dispose of his two shot guns—to the highest bidder. Therefore, if

the guy who wrote us the unsigned note the other day—advertising some articles for sale—will make himself known, we may be able to do business.

Operator Crissey and Baggage man Murphy, Racine passenger depot, both on sick list. Rumatiz!

Had occasion to visit the "Freight Office" the other day, and on the way out noticed a bag of apples. "Whose?" says we. "Gibson's" says the agent. "fill your clothes," and he helped us do it. Just as the job was done, in blows Gib. "Take plenty," says he, "The Jew sent 'em over for Bush!" (We escaped with the fruit.)

Owing to the coal strike, the way freights have been discontinued. Kinney goes over the road once a day, to call on the agents and tell them how to store the work until Wobig gets back.

The high mark in H. C. of L. was reached at Corliss the other night. The operator went across the track for the regulation O. R. T. banquet—pie and coffee—and came back to find his cash drawer empty. Forty-six iron men is going some for Klinkert pie.

"Smoke" Horton gave his uniform a much needed airing on Howland's run, the first of the month. Guess we have had 'em ail down here now—except Charlie Hayes.

Brakeman Somers and family visited relatives at Davis Junction the first of the month. He hurried back when he heard how popular Captain Pee-Wee was with the regular patrons.

The engineers down here are afraid to get off their engines at night, since the new rule is driving the old boys out of hostler jobs at Milwaukee.

West End Scraps.

We are sorry to report that Miss Irvema A. Bath has been ill for the past three months. She is now planning to spend a couple of months in southern California, where she hopes to regain her strength more rapidly. We are all looking forward to having her back with us, e'er many moons, in "ze pink" of health.

E. M. Grobel, formerly chief clerk to W. B. Foster, general superintendent, was appointed assistant trainmaster at Miles City. Success to him, say we.

E. D. Kennedy, our present chief clerk, formerly chief clerk to R. J. Middleton, assistant chief engineer, is very welcome in our midst. If his success is measured by his popularity with those working with him, he has nothing more to wish.

Miss Hammerslough entertained a number of girls Saturday evening, November 8th, in honor of Miss Freda Stedman of the Traffic Department. The occasion was a surprise shower for Miss Stedman who will be married soon. After receiving a number of pretty and useful gifts, luncheon was served.

Miss Ilma Thomas, west-bound car clerk in J. L. Brown's office, was quite seriously ill for over a week with la grippe.

Our Mr. Foster has been over in Moberidge for the last few weeks trying to keep snow plows, etc., moving, and the branch lines open, and we believe he has had his hands full. But reports are that things are moving again and we trust he hurries back to get thawed out.

Accompanying R. M. Catkins on his recent visit to Seattle, was his secretary, G. W. Myers, who was welcomed by his many friends after an absence of nearly two years. C. F. Loweth, chief engineer, is also a Seattle visitor at this time.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Ellen Gardner who lost her mother recently. Miss Gardner took her mother's body back to their old home in Exeter, Nebraska, for burial.

The general manager's office hasn't been reported lately, but we should worry about little things like that: we keep ourselves informed about all of the rest of you anyway. Probably we know things about you before you know it your selves, sometimes. At present, we have with us H. H. Gordon, formerly of Moberidge, Spokane, Tacoma, and we know not where else, but he is at the top now, and hitting the ball 100 per cent.

A. H. Barkley wears a bright smile these days, as if he hadn't a care in the world, and we certainly feel glad for him. We are glad she

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got back, too, although we learn the neighbors did look in once in a while and bring a piece of pie or darn a few socks. We are also glad to learn that the floors were painted and the door bell fixed, n'everything before she got back.

Oh, yes, and Mr. Currie, Mr. Schroeder and F. J. Calkins are stepping up in Masoury these days, too. We understand they take a degree every day or two; anyway, they will be full fledged Shriners after next Monday night (the 17th). Congratulations.

Everybody wants the key to my cellar. I've got SIX TONS OF COAL stored there. And believe me, I certainly sympathize with you fellows back there where it gets 15 below, these days. Out here we have hardly taken our furs out of storage, yet.

J. M. (Skin-nay) Gilman, our honorable structural engineer, has been busily engaged for the last two months in making life miserable for one of his neighbors on Queen Anne Hill, and we have received information that when some debts are paid they will be paid with interest, so watch out, Pest.

Speaking of electrification—one of our friends tried to electrify his doorbell, and all sorts of complications set in. When he turned on the lights in the basement the door bell rang, and when he tried to ring the doorbell, the lights turned on, and when he tried to fix it, all the lights went out.

H. R. Kellar of J. L. Brown's office, is the proud father of his second daughter, born in October.

O. P. Kellogg—well, we don't know what he has done, or why, but he MUST have his name in the Magazine anyway, on general principles.

The General Freight Department has two new clerks: George Johnson and Harold Collingwood. Both of them are "ladies' men."

Harold Brownell says, "Oh, why is a telephone?"

Miss Vivian Grondahl certainly becomes her new glasses. Everyone is remarking about them.

Has anyone ever seen the time when someone was not looking for something in the General Freight Department?

George Brenner of the Traffic Department, must have come home late some night. Have you noticed the size of his jaw?

E. M. Stablein, popular member of J. L. Brown's office, has proven that the only changeable creatures aren't women, for he has a striking red goatee resembling a growth of prolific weeds, which grows like magic, and disappears likewise.

C. & M. Division Notes.

B. J. Simen.

Baggage man Richard Murphy, who has run for many years on the Deerfield and Libertyville locals, was taken sick a few days ago. He was taken to a hospital in Chicago, where he was operated on for appendicitis and appeared to be getting along nicely, but after a few days he suffered a relapse and died. Dick had many friends and we all extend our sympathy to the family.

On Armistice Day, Deerfield had a real celebration. Conductor Bert Kress, the Honorable Mayor, was one of the principal speakers, and it is said he made a wonderful speech. Bert, we are sorry we could not have been there to join in the fun. Conductor Henry H. Bond handled Berts' run for a few days.

Engineer Clyde Anderson was the victim of a little accident at Rondout a few days ago. He came out of it with a couple of fractured ribs. It will be a couple of weeks before he will be able to go to work.

Brakeman Norman Madole and Miss Grace Smith, who is a stepdaughter of Baggage man E. J. Heuer, were married in Libertyville on November 6th. The young couple will make their home in Libertyville. Congratulations.

Robert J. Simen, formerly an operator and trick dispatcher on this division, and now working in the Consolidated Ticket Office in San Francisco, Cal., visited with his brother, Operator Ben J. Simen at Libertyville for a few days.

Agent Millard W. Spoor, of Rondout, is on a couple of weeks' vacation. He went to North Dakota where he has a farm. Operator H. E. Guyott is relieving him; Operator Anderson is also assisting there.

Conductor W. D. Wood has given up the Fox Lake run and has taken a Chicago-Madison run. Albert Kirby is back on the Fox Lake run; this makes it handy for Al as he lives in Fox Lake.

Frank C. Appley, clerk at the old station, Libertyville, with his wife visited friends and relatives at Washington, Ia., and Waterloo, Ia. They were away a week or ten days.

L. I. Perry, former agent at Round Lake, has returned from Colorado, where he went a few months ago on account of his wife's health. He is now working as third leverman at Rondout.

Clarence Boyd, who returned from overseas a month or two ago, has been working as third trick leverman at Rondout, but was displaced by L. I. Perry. Clarence is now taking a trip to Fargo, N. D., and other points in the northwest.

Engineer Elmer W. Lawrence just had a nice carload of fine potatoes shipped down from his farm near Wausaukee and sold them at Libertyville. This makes him think of his boyhood days, for he was raised on a farm.

Several new industrial tracks are being installed at the General Motors big new plant near Rock River Tower, Janesville. This is a mammoth concern. They figure to handle 200 cars of freight per day when they commence operations.

It is getting to be a common sight to see Indiana Harbor Belt and E. J. & E. engines plying up and down on the old Milwaukee.

Uncle "Dud" Fitzgerald, conductor on the La Crosse Division, made his annual visit at the conductor's room in Chicago on November 15th. Bill Carr said he was looking for a meal. We hope he got it.

Engineer W. B. Chamberlain, the oldest engineer on the C. & M., is still making perfect stops on No. 4. We are glad to say that he is still hale and hearty.

Conductor "Hank" Orth is still hauling the milk to Chicago. This has been his job for over twenty-five years.

Conductor Arthur Slade has resumed work after spending an enjoyable vacation with his son in Iowa.

Conductor Burr H. Kress is passing around the cigars on the event of the arrival of a fine granddaughter; his daughter, Mrs. Henry Clavey, of Deerfield, is the proud mother.

The boys along the road will be pleased to hear of the good fortune which has fallen to the lot of Curtis W. Willison, through train baggageman, running between Chicago and Minneapolis on trains 17 and 6.

A wealthy aunt, who lost her sons in the late war, has sort of adopted him and started to leave her fortune to him already with an initial bequest of \$25,000. Following her suggestion Curt invested a part of this in oil stocks and cleared up \$9,000 in one day. Good for you, Curt, keep this up and in time you will be a rival of John D. and we hope you will follow him and get a block of the "Milwaukee" stock so the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will have a man to fight for them behind the lines as well as in the front ranks.

Curt says he is not going to give up the road yet for a while as that little pasteboard reading PASS Mr.

looks goods to him; besides it will help him to save a little on car fare when he goes out on inspection trips.

Eastern Iowa Division and Colmar Division.

J. T. Raymond.

In a booklet entitled "The Spirit of Christmas", Henry Van Dyke writes:

"Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness. Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas."

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year is our earnest wish for every member of the great Milwaukee family.

Operator Charles J. Storm of Clinton has taken a four months' leave of absence for the purpose of recuperating. Charles is one of those faithful Milwaukee "old timers" that one cannot help missing when they are absent from the post of duty. We hope he may completely recover and rejoin the ranks. Roy Tathwell has been relieving.

Operator W. A. Storm of Monticello was absent ten days making a trip to the state of Wyoming.

Conductor J. H. Pulley has been assigned to Nos. 261 and 272 between Davenport and Maquoketa.

Walter H. Applegate, who was transferred from Marion to Perry when division master mechanic's office was moved, was at Marion for a week on account of illness. He has recovered and returned to Perry.

E. L. Sinclair attended a meeting of the American Bridge and Building Association at Cleveland, Ohio.

November 5th, just as Extra East was pulling through Savanna Yard, the engine was derailed. Harry Smith was the conductor and was badly bruised, injuring his nose quite seriously. We hope he will be all right again soon.

On account of the shortage of coal, beginning November 8th, the following trains were annulled indefinitely: Nos. 29 and 30 between Chicago and Cedar Rapids; Nos. 1 and 29 between Marion and Perry; Nos. 41 and 42 between Clinton and Elk River Junction, and Nos. 226 and 229 between Maquoketa and Delmar Junction.

Baggage man and Mrs. G. B. Woodcox have been called to Waterloo owing to the serious illness of a relative.

Harry Hummell, who was fireman on No. 12, when they struck the auto west of Indian Creek, is not progressing as favorably as was expected. He has been removed from St. Luke's Hospital at Cedar Rapids to Washington Boulevard Hospital, Chicago, under Dr. Lounsbery, the specialist. One shoulder is badly injured and he seems to be suffering from internal injuries. We hope for favorable results soon.

Mrs. Geo. W. Carver, wife of City Ticket Agent George W. Carver of Marion, passed away Monday morning, October 27th. For three years she had been ill and was confined to her bed much of the time for more than a year. The surviving children are: Herbert V. Carver, Mrs. C. D. Ingalls of Marion, Mrs. Haines of Rowley and Mrs. Wybro Griffiths of Waukegan, Ill. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. A. H. Hanscom of the Methodist Episcopal Church and interment was at Marion. Mr. Carver is one of the widely known veterans in the service of the Milwaukee Company and he and the surviving members of the family have the sympathy of every employe on the division in their great bereavement.

Green Island, without Mike Burns, is almost unthinkable to us. He has been there so many years, right on the job, too, but Mike has been assigned to Clinton on his own motion; we will have to let him go. We have never in our career seen a man manifest deeper interest in the company's welfare and this attitude has been thoroughly sustained year in and year out.

Mrs. Susan B. Izer died Monday, October 27th, after several years' illness. She was the wife of Zachariah Izer, who has been employed in the Car Department at Marion for the past thirty years. She is also survived by five children, including a son, Conductor Charles F. Izer of the Eastern Division. The funeral was held at Marion, Rev. A. H. Hanscom of the Methodist Episcopal Church in charge. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the surviving family.

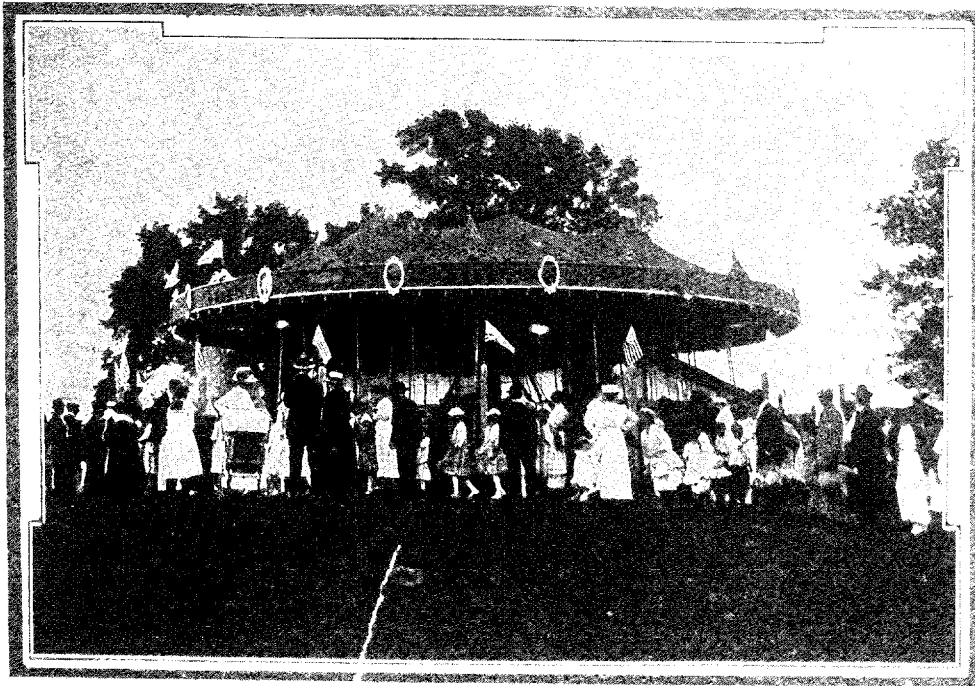
Bulletin issued November 1st appoints H. L. Kindig third trick operator, Marion; M. E. Burns, operator at Clinton.

Agent John Maloney of Sabula was away November 8th attending the funeral of John Jay, who was section foreman at Sabula a number of years ago. He died in Detroit, Mich. Remains interred at Sabula.

Agent C. J. Olson went to Dubuque to attend a Shrine meeting.

Marl Marchant has resumed work on second trick at Atkins after a two weeks' vacation spent visiting relatives in California.

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A PLAYGROUND FOR ALL THE PEOPLE—Everything Free—Everybody Welcome—Everywhere.

ENDICOTT JOHNSON CORPORATION

TANNERS AND SHOEMAKERS for Workers and Their Boys and Girls

ENDICOTT, NEW YORK

Dispatcher L. S. Dove spent a part of his vacation visiting relatives at Ames and Lost Nation. Conductor Fred Winston spent three weeks in Chicago on committee work, representing the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

Roadmaster E. G. Drury was at Marion recently on a brief business visit. He always receives a warm welcome.

Miss Florence Watters and Agent Joseph N. Elsner were married at Petersville, Iowa. Mr. Elsner returned from U. S. A. telegraph service in Russia several weeks ago and will resume his duties as agent at Hale. He is very popular on the division and has a host of friends who wish for Mr. Elsner and his bride a long and happy life.

Conductor James Pringle is running on Nos. 3 and 12, in place of Conductor F. E. Johnson, between Chicago and Marion.

Conductor F. B. Cornelius was away for several trips, Conductor John F. Coakley relieving.

Mrs. Mulroy, wife of Brakeman Lee Mulroy, has returned to Marion from Rochester, Minn., much improved in health.

Brakemen E. E. Goodwin and J. W. Johnson left Marion November 12th for Seattle looking up the Government land proposition for soldiers and sailors.

Mrs. Frank Elsner, mother of Agent Joe Elsner, died at her home at Maquoketa, Iowa, November 7th, after a lingering illness. She is survived by her husband, one daughter, and one son, Joe Elsner, who was on his wedding trip at the time of her death. We extend our sympathy to the sorrowing family.

We are missing the items "Scraps from the West End"; also those from "The End of the Steel Trail". Hope they will appear again soon.

Signal Dept. Wig Wags, Lines West. "Slim."

Safety first and the big drive gives us another hundred per cent record, which we figure is mighty good when we think of our men on gas cars have about the same chance as a fly on the floor.

Ted Groth is back from service in the navy. He has taken on a wife and gone to maintaining at Superior, Montana.

F. M. Applegate has moved to Renton, and Chet Richardson is maintaining at Laveth.

D. C. light signals are now in service from Kittitas to Black River, and west end territories have been signed up as follows: R. B. Jefferys at Corfu, C. K. Milns at Kittitas, F. C. Milns at CleElum, R. H. Hart at Cedar Falls and Dave Williams at Renton. L. E. Weaver, who was on Auburn section, has taken the mechanical maintainers' job from Avery west, and Andy Ayers has taken Auburn, leaving Rockdale still open for bids. The Rockdale section has always been the shortest, but it takes a long maintainer to wade around in the deep snow.

The remainder of the new A. C. signal territory is about finished up, ready for test. Hammond's crew is at Black River, changing over the plant and finishing up the Black River to Tacoma section. Odore's and Stephens' crews are finishing up between Othello and Kittitas, and may have finished and in service before this gets in print.

You are partly right, but mostly wrong, about that famous recipe, N. B. S. The trouble was that R. A. L. got those copies and gave them to his friends, but I got in good with one friend in the desert of Washington, and made up for what was missed in Montana.

Ben Winchell and Warren Young of the Kerite Company stopped long enough to pass out a few insulated cigars, and S. E. Gillespie of the U. S. Steel Co. was out for three weeks, looking over the new signals and getting the view in the Cascades, but he hurried back to Chicago.

Now that construction work is almost closed for the season, the men in the crews are moving out or preparing to.

My Brainard received a full blooded dog of some brand by express at Ellensburg. Didn't find out whether it was a police dog or a chicken dog, but he and Bill Hammond are going in for raising chickens and dogs. Bill has made an offer to Mallanny to run the incubators for them.

R. H. Ford has gone to Cuba to improve his pineapple ranch and incidentally to increase his pile of cash.

Am not sure how true it is, but I overheard Brainard tell an engineer at Rockdale that they were going to put in a glass standpipe there, where it interferes with the view of the new light signals.

Mallanny and Tyler always have about so much to row about, but it reached the limit the other night, when they fussed thirty minutes about a corn cob pipe, and after it was all over, found out that the pipe didn't belong to either one of them, but was the clerk's.

Speaking of profiteering and the high cost of living, ask Mr. Bachelor about \$1.50 for fourteen bananas.

Mr. Wade, laboratory foreman, is real busy these days burning the magnets out of relay core pins that are causing residual magnetism in D. C. relays since the gas has been put in, and they have a big new gas furnace.

The signal supervisory forces and Mr. Smith had a meeting with Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Earling in Seattle, October 8th, on rates and working conditions. Then Mr. Smith had an efficiency meeting in his office in Tacoma, October 9th. Supervisors Westermarck, Allen and Dill, General Inspector Tyler and Seeburger, along with General Foreman Mallanny, were present. This meeting lasted all day, and we were fortunate in having Mr. Gillespie of the U. S. & S. Co. explain a number of points on R. C. track relays.

Indirectly, I heard of quite a lot of things and changes, but didn't receive one single note from anyone, so won't write 'em up. If you want your name in, Mike, you better send in the dope.

News from the S C & D Division. Esther Sundleaf.

Conductors Henry Conly and W. B. Anderson are back from an extended trip in Idaho. Heard they went hunting, 'n everything.

Conductor J. F. Crews has moved his family to Running Water.

R. H. Raub, agent at Linton, was married a few days ago to Rosa Murphy, daughter of Section Foreman J. Murphy. We extend congratulations and wish them a happy married life.

It has been suggested that Fireman Ed Mills be commended for his action on November 1st, when he jumped off the engine and hollered to the engineer as the tank of the engine tipped over.

A. J. Elder has been transferred to the I. & D. Division as chief dispatcher, and will make his home in Mitchell. We surely regret to have A. J. leave our division, but wish him the best on his new position. C. L. Jacobs has been appointed night chief at Sioux City.

Harry Benton has gone to Stamford, S. D., to stay on his homestead for awhile. Hope it is not as stormy there as it is here today, for, no doubt, his shack is a little thin.

Conductor E. L. Athon is now really back on the job, and smiling as ever.

Another face is missing in the office. Mrs. Manley has resigned her position in the superintendent's office, and is now trying her luck at house-keeping. Says she manages to keep busy, and likes it fine.

Wonder where the ducks are that Fireman Hutchins says are on their way. Do you suppose they got lost?

Happy Jack Lawler visited Sioux City a few days ago. He is getting tired of pancakes and only ate twelve that day.

Mr. Shannon of the freight claim department was in Sioux City a few days ago.

Fireman Ed Buttrick is getting along fine at the hospital, and may soon be out. Engineer Stevens is also still at the hospital, and is feeling good.

Chief Clerk Donald and Division Accountant Pasho attended a meeting in Minneapolis, October 27th.

Lester Selbert, from Green Bay, is the new stenographer in the superintendent's office.

A. B. Steffan has returned to work, after a visit in the country.

The Milwaukee bowling team played the C&NW team the other night, and you can guess who won. The Milwaukee boys are right there.

Clara Smith, in the superintendent's office, is getting all ready for the big event to take place December 1st. Her greatest delight right now is telling us how cold it is going to be to get out this winter and go to work. Never mind, Clara,

I'll admit I'm jealous. Etta Perley seems to be getting quite interested, too. Don't make it too quick, Etta, for we will miss you both.

Conductor Reck is back to work, after trying his luck at husking corn. Says he has to husk it, as he was the only man tall enough for the job. Sounds like a fish story.

C. McClanahan, agent at Gayville, had the misfortune to have his right arm broken above the wrist October 4th. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery.

Notes from Milwaukee.

"O'Malley."

D. P. O'Reilly, otherwise known as "Little Danny", is making good as night yardmaster at the Canal Yards, during the absence of W. A. French (more power to you, Danny).

Milwaukee Terminals went over the top with 100% record in the two weeks No Accident Campaign, and we are very proud of it. Now, let everybody get busy and keep up the good work. Let everyone make a resolution to avoid accident to himself and to his fellow employees. We should not limit this campaign to a week or a month, we should make it permanent—make it a daily duty to avoid accident. It is a deplorable fact that among all classes of railroad employees, familiarity with danger breeds contempt of the same. Fellow workers, it is your duty to keep out of the hospital and keep on the payroll, you owe this to your self, to your family, and to your fellow workman. It is also your duty when you see a condition that is unsafe, to drop a note to the chairman of your local Safety First Committee, giving him the facts in the case, if in a reasonable length of time it is not corrected, send in another note reminding him of the first, and ask, WHY. The first of the year is coming on, and as there is no water wagon to get on let us all get on the Safety First wagon and talk it in the roundhouse, talk it in the shop, talk it in the freighthouse, and don't forget to talk it in the switch shanties. For as a rule we know that the one who suffers most from carelessness IS THE ONE WHO IS CARELESS. To quote some of our early teachings, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and to lose his own soul," we might say "What doth it profit a man to get a few thousand dollars (and give one-third of that to some ambulance chasing claim adjuster) and be compelled to go through life minus an arm or a leg. WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO GIVE A GOOD ARM OR LEG FOR A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS?

Weil, folks, by the time this gets out, you will be figuring on what Santa Claus is going to bring you, and what he will carry from you to some of your friends; and perhaps the beautiful snow, that all railroad men love to see(?) will be piled high, and everybody will be working hard to keep things moving, and we will all be happy, for the merry Christmas bells will soon be ringing, and we have our good health and can enjoy the cold, crisp winds and a few snow flakes mixed in; there will be coasting and skating and we will be getting ready to light up the Christmas tree, and enjoy the surprise of the kiddies when they see it. So we will wish each and all of our readers and contributors a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

W. A. French has again assumed control of the Canal Yard. Bill looks a great deal better for the few weeks vacation.

Bert Meixner recently took a trip through the southwest, during which he visited the oil and gas fields of that section. Bert did not say that he had invested in any of the stock.

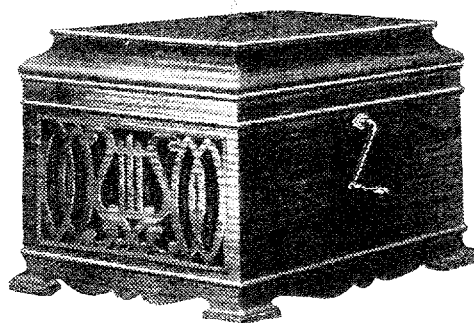
B. N. Schwartz and family have just returned from Detroit, where they were called on account of the death of a sister of Mrs. Schwartz. We wish to express the sympathy of our readers to the family in their bereavement.

The local freight office promised some notes for this issue, suppose they got lost in the mail, or maybe they are too busy BOWLING.

Yardman August Rudolph recently met with a painful accident, at this writing he is reported improving. Hope to see you out soon, August.

Yardman Edw. Martha, recently operated on for appendicitis, is making a rapid recovery. Shake 'em up, Eddie, you are too lively to stay in bed long.

Lodge No. 863, B. of R. T., have started their



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monthly dances, which will be held on the third Monday evening of each month. These dances are for the members and their families and are well attended; great praise is due our entertainment committee for arranging these affairs and the members should give them the encouragement they deserve by turning out in full force. Come on, boys, and bring your best girl; if you have no girl of your own, bring some other fellow's girl; let us make this season a social success.

Must have had some distinguished visitors in town Sunday night; we saw all the local officials at the depot, but did not find out the reason for the reception committee.

Iowa Division. Ruby Eckman.

Conductor Charles Craig was in the Kings Daughters Hospital at Perry during October on account of an attack of appendicitis. It was necessary for him to have the appendix removed.

Conductor Frank Dow and wife spent a couple weeks of October in Webster, South Dakota.

Engineer Frank Stapleton had the misfortune to receive quite a bad injury to his eye when a shaker bar slipped, breaking the goggles which he wore.

W. A. Storm, operator from Monticello, was in Perry a few days in October visiting with Agent W. D. Magee, of Perry Station.

Conductor Wm. Simonton and wife were in Quincy, Ill., a couple weeks of October, visiting with their daughter, who is married and lives there.

Emmett Callahan, who has been working as a machinist in the Perry roundhouse, was recently given the position of assistant roundhouse foreman at Perry.

J. B. Wallis, traveling auditor, who spent several weeks in Spokane, Wash., returned home the latter part of October and resumed work on the Iowa Division.

E. J. Ricketts, car foreman at Perry, who was so seriously sick in the hospital at Perry for a number of weeks has been moved to the home of his wife's parents in Dubuque. He is slightly improved and is able to sit up part of the time now.

Alva Lyon and A. W. Berglund of Perry were in Minneapolis the latter part of October, in attendance at a meeting of the Maintenance of Way employees.

John Fish, who has been working in the track department, was quite badly injured while helping to load some heavy material which was being picked up for a scrap train the fore part of November. He was off duty a few weeks.

Miss Mabel Trough, who has been a stenographer in the office of Trainmaster F. A. Maxwell for over two years, was married the latter part of November to Fred W. Allan of Des Moines. They will make their home in Des Moines. Irene Stapleton, formerly of the roundhouse foreman's office in Council Bluffs, has taken her place on the Perry force.

Conductor W. E. Razz, of the Des Moines Division, who makes his home in Perry, has been seriously sick with pneumonia.

A fine nine-pound boy arrived in the family of J. N. Hutchins, agent at Astor. The lad is the second son in the family and J. N. says he is a dandy.

Augustus Hanson, of the roundhouse force, and Letha Lee, daughter of Wm. Lee, car inspector, were married the latter part of October and will reside in Perry.

Yardmaster R. O. Wichead, of Perry yard force, spent a few days of October visiting with relatives in Chicago.

Conductor Ralph Van Horne had the misfortune to severely sprain his back October 25th necessitating a several weeks' lay-off.

Fireman Edward Eschler, who has been working on the Union Pacific for several months, has returned to Perry and resumed work on the Iowa Division.

Engineer Oscar Woods, Fireman Jack Kirkendall and Conductor C. F. Wightman have been spending several weeks in Chicago on committee work.

The marriage of Engineer A. W. Morgan and Mrs. A. S. Brooks was solemnized in Des Moines the latter part of October. The bride and groom then went to Wisconsin for a few weeks' visit with Mr. Morgan's relatives. They will make their

home in Perry and have already been receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

The marriage of G. G. Gontner, of the roundhouse force, was overlooked in reporting last month's items. George went back to his old home in Pennsylvania and came back to Perry with a bride, who was a sweetheart of his young days. They are now nicely situated in the home the groom owns in Perry.

K. Lothian, who has been working as timekeeper in the master mechanic's office, has resigned and returned to his home in Marion. Mason Hildreth, who was chief clerk in the office of the roundhouse foreman, has transferred to the position made vacant by Mr. Lothian and C. E. Evitts, third trick clerk, has been promoted to the position of chief clerk in the roundhouse office.

Engineer Wm. Caldwell, who has been working out of Perry for a number of years, has transferred back to Savanna and will work out of that terminal.

The last of the schedule fruit trains was handled over the Iowa Division about November 10th. There were 393 schedule shipments during the season totalling close to eleven thousand cars. The Milwaukee has enjoyed a good share of the fruit from California this season.

Switchman Frank Upton has been under the doctor's care for several weeks and is still unable to work. He has been to Rochester, Minn., for examination by the surgeons at the famous clinic.

Machinist Levi Swanson and wife were in Carbondale, Pa., a couple weeks in October. Levi fractured a couple ribs while working on an engine and took advantage of the enforced layoff to make the trip.

Iowa Division friends of Train Dispatcher A. J. Elder, formerly of the Perry office, were glad to learn of his promotion to the position of chief dispatcher at Mitchell, S. D.

Miss Faith Sheldon, of the store department force, spent some time in October and November visiting with friends in South Dakota.

Charles Buffington, who was very seriously injured by being crushed between some cars in Manilla Yard in August, 1916, resumed work as a switchman on November 10th. He has been in Emmett, North Dakota, on a farm while he was unable to work.

I. L. Kline of Dubuque has taken the position of car foreman at Perry, made vacant by the serious illness of Elmer Ricketts.

While it may seem a little early, this is our only opportunity to extend our Christmas greetings to fellow employees.

Car Accountant News.

"Sis Hopkins."

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and the happiest and most prosperous of all New Years.

Clara Leifgren and Arline Bleimehl are Cupid's latest victims.

The "Hardy Steppers" have a dance scheduled for Tuesday, December 23rd. We will all be there, will you? For full particulars ask Charles Hill, Tony Naatz and possibly Schultz can tell you something about it.

Miss Clara Kruger has returned to work after a week's illness. Miss Rose Zuchola is quite ill.

There is one advantage in being a football player, you always have a good alibi. Recently, needless to say, on Monday morn, Jim Nolan appears swathed in bandages which, when we came to investigate, disclosed a black optic. We have our doubts about the football game, but what can one do?

Miss Margaret Hengls and the writer spent the weekend at Dubuque recently, the guests of Mrs. J. Meurisse, who formerly was Miss Florence Kruse.

Oh, Casmar, Casmar! come here. Needless to say, he did not appear, so Cora sat waiting with a smile, and Casmar was sorting mail all the while.

Wisconsin Valley Division Notes.

Lilly Ann.

The next issue of our magazine being the Xmas number, we wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Liddell, of Lewistown, Montana, made a short visit at the home of Train Dispatcher A. W. Warner. Mr. Liddell is master mechanic on the Northern Montana Division.

B. Euckhausen informs us that he is contemplating the sale of the "Tin Lizzie," in order to avoid the numerous 706 reports. He intends to purchase a Nash Six; R. Akey being a prospective buyer for the said "Lizzie".

Oscar Perkins, chief wiper at Minocqua, has purchased a home at that city. He has made numerous improvements to same, and according to reports it presents a very neat appearance.

The Valley Division boys are looking forward to a very busy winter. Several of the large lumber companies are preparing for a big cut of timber this winter. Brooks and Ross Lumber Company will operate eight camps north of Minocqua and on the Blue Bill Line.

The North End way freight boys are real stuck up about their new caboose, 0475, and they have every reason to be proud as the new cabooses are a very great improvement over the old cars.

Ralph Slaymaker, abstract clerk, has purchased a home on Chicago avenue.

Elmer says at half past two, the 16th. That is something to work on, at least.

Miss Mae Callahan visited with friends at Milwaukee the latter part of October.

Helen and Mildred Conklin, Flora Emerich and Mrs. L. G. Atkinson visited at Minocqua Sunday.

Otto Fulmer, division accountant, and C. H. Conklin, chief clerk, attended the Division Accountants' meeting held at Minneapolis in October.

Teddy Schrage is making his usual trips to the city, and it has just recently been brought to our attention that it is his steady he goes to see.

Mrs. Herbert Conant was accidentally killed by an automobile on Saturday night, Nov. 8th. The news of her death was a shock to her many friends and the bereaved family have the sympathies of the entire division. The funeral took place Wednesday, Nov. 12th. The following railroad employees acted as pall-bearers: H. M. Gilham, B. N. Boorman, M. E. Millard, Dan Wells, R. A. Randow and D. J. Tracy.

Operator Bert Boorman is back in the Tomahawk yard after a month's vacation.

Conductor Al Scott enjoyed a week duck hunting up north and reports a fine time and plenty of shooting.

Brakemen Wm. McCarthy is able to resume work after being laid up a month with an injured foot.

Yard Foreman Frank McCann is recovering from an operation on his knee, although he expects to be absent from duty for several weeks.

Conductor C. A. Noble and party gathered ten bushels of beautiful wild cranberries in one day. Assured them of cranberries for Thanksgiving.

Miss Nellie McCann of Chicago is visiting with her parents at Wausau.

Station Agent Wilkins of Heafford Junction wears a pair of new boots, and tells us the boots are the result of the profit from his farm this year. We expect John will soon be numbered among the big farmers.

While speaking of footwear, has anyone seen John Tulley with the new rubbers?

Mrs. Lawrence Doyle, mother of Mrs. John Brown, passed away at her home on October 28th, after a lingering illness. Sympathies are extended to the bereaved family.

Ivan Karavanoff and W. F. Ryan, from auditor of expenditures office, are checking up A. F. E.'s in superintendent's office for the past week. Mr. Ryan does not seem to be very much impressed with this northern climate, with its snow and cold winds, but we understand it is quite the reverse with Mr. Ryan, who seems to be deeply impressed with this part of the country. Cupid is partly to blame, for he intimated that he would be satisfied to call it "Heaven" to settle down in a permanent home with a certain little country lassie. Chicago is not attractive now.

Mrs. Louis Wilcox from New Lisbon visited with friends at Wausau.

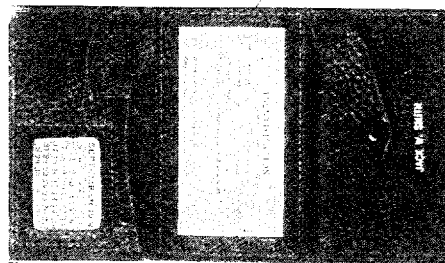
R. C. Terminal Items. C. T. Wood

Claude Bradbrook, one of our good looking switch foremen, resigned his position with us on October 18th to accept a position at the Ford plant. First thing we know he will have a tin Lizzie.

Edward M. Lane, several years a switch foreman in Coburg, also local chairman of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, left the service of our company on October 18th.

We are sorry to report Mrs. Sue Conwell resigned her position with our company on October

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THE "FLIER" Made of a FINE grade of LEATHER and will show 7 WINDOW 7 passes. Has extra pocket for cards; also secret PASS-CASE pocket at back for currency.
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**Headaches
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Women's Aches and Ills
Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains**

Ask Your Druggist for A-K Tablets
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Small Size

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See Monogram **AK** on the Genuine

The Antikamnia Remedy Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Write for Free Samples

18th to accept a more desirable one with Swift & Co. She is very much missed around the office, but we all rejoice with her in finding such a good position.

Our old pal, Jack Park, visited friends in Kansas City, October 18th and November 11th. Jack just can't stay away from old Kansas City, and I'll say we are all glad to have him call and see us.

Saturday, October 18th, Al. M. Lindner, Liberty Street operator, was made the daddy of a six and one-half pound boy. It seems a great important event occurred on October 18th. Mrs. Lindner and baby are both doing nicely, but Al is reported to still be a little hysterical, but it is thought that he will outgrow it in time. So far we have not been able to find a name hardly good enough for it, but we expect to be able to report this young man's name in the next issue of the magazine.

Alfred E. Ira returned to his old position as traveling inspector, Coburg, on October 25th. We are glad to have him with us again. Harry Mayfield at the present time is holding position of car service clerk at the Coburg elevator, Rayburn Potter having resigned.

Harry Vail and Horace Wheelock attended meeting of Division Accountants in Minneapolis October 27th to 29th.

W. E. Lindsey has been given the position of first trick operator, Coburg, and expects to report for duty shortly. Mr. Lindsey comes well recommended to us and I am sure that we are going to get along nicely. We trust he will be pleased with his new surroundings and acquaintances.

Deer Lodge Shop Notes. "Patsy."

J. A. Wright, formerly general foreman at the Deer Lodge shops, has been transferred from Deer Lodge to Tacoma as division master mechanic. Mr. Wright takes G. E. Cessford's place at Tacoma. Mr. Cessford going to Bellingham.

Engineer J. E. Daniels has been appointed traveling engineer on the R. M. Division, temporarily, while G. T. Spaulding is instructing the engineers on the Coast Division.

Engineer Harry C. Peck is serving as electrical instructor, assisting G. T. S. on the Coast Division. Leave Harry to explain what makes the motors mot.

E. L. Cleveland, formerly traveling engineer on the Missoula Division, but now trainmaster on the Columbia Division was in Deer Lodge on business and greeting old friends. He has sold his home in Deer Lodge and expects to reside in Spokane.

M. R. Moody has been appointed general foreman at the Deer Lodge shops, vice J. A. Wright, promoted.

L. G. Talbot has taken Mr. Moody's place as general inspector and instructor.

Carl Wagner has been appointed erecting foreman in place of John Coey.

John Coey and family have taken a long anticipated trip to Ireland. Mr. Coey's former home.

After the two weeks' Safety First Drive we have the pleasure of knowing that no one was injured during this time in this territory. Our forces are to be congratulated on making a 100 per cent showing.

F. McAvoy, traveling engineer, and wife recently made a trip to the east, Mr. McAvoy attending the Traveling Engineers' Convention at Chicago, from thence going to Pittsburgh, New York City, Schenectady, N. Y., and Erie, Pa., for the purpose of studying the new electric locomotives. Mr. and Mrs. McAvoy report having had a very pleasant as well as profitable trip.

William E. Koors, formerly salesman for the General Electric Co., has been appointed electrical inspector and instructor to engineers on the Coast Division. Mr. Koors spent about a year and a half on this division when the electrification was first started.

Joe Healey has returned from the navy and is now back on his old run as brakeman between Spokane and Deer Lodge.

Smile and the world smiles with you, Bessie, and no wonder you smile, as Thursdays and Sundays come around once a week, don't they?

Recently the B. of R. R. Clerks gave a masque ball, which was a huge success, the costumes being

many and varied, and much originality was displayed. A very good time was reported. The clever posters advertising the dance were made by "Christy," whom I am sure you all know, as he goes to the roundhouse office for his daily exercise.

Electrician Apprentice Bryan Kantner has been sent to work with the maintenance crew in place of Fred Moe, who has been transferred to the Deer Lodgeshops as apprentice. Hark! from the G. F.'s clerk a doleful sound. Cheer up, it will only be until April.

Bessie says, will someone please give her a bear skin, if they have any extras? Postage prepaid.

A host of friends of that most popular of the Milwaukee brakemen, Louie Boedecker, wish him loads of happiness, as he is now a Benedick, having chosen one of the most diminutive of damsels, Miss Bertha Normandin of Deer Lodge, to boss him around. It is reported that while on their honeymoon, Mrs. B.'s suitcase got mixed up with some traveling man's suit case, and great excitement prevailed for a time, but things were straightened out and all was harmony again.

On account of extra work ensuing on account of making up back payrolls, the Accounting Department has put on two new clerks, Minnie A. Neilson and Frank Rhodes.

L. C. McElwain has gone to Avery to make repairs to the steam line at that point.

R. R. B. recently went on a hunting trip to East Portal. He reports having gotten up at 2 P. M. in the morning and walking miles and miles and miles up and down the mountain side, carrying a lantern, like Diogenes of old, looking for an honest man, that is, Diogenes was, but R. R. B. was looking for a sure enough deer. He did not get the deer, and reports that he does not like the gleams of the lantern, perhaps he likes moonlight better.

Charles Tokely, of the superintendent's office, recently took unto himself a bride, Miss Weatherston, of Deer Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Tokely are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Notes. Helga Heuwinkel.

We had the first real snowstorm of the season on November 11th, followed by a little real winter cold.

Mrs. Mary McMillen has accepted the position as locomotive department clerk at this station.

Car Repairer Lynn Henderson is off at present on account of sickness.

The car cleaners are particularly pleased with the last raise as it affected them, they having not heretofore received the wanted consideration.

The old flag floated over the coal shed once more on Armistice Day. Otherwise the day seemed void of demonstration.

Note that the coal strike situation as affecting this road has not seemed to bear so hard as it has on other roads. The Rock Island engine employees are complaining particularly account of having to use inferior coal that they have had stored along the right of way for the past two years.

Trainmaster Maxwell asked us how we liked his new hat. Well, it is some hat all right and makes Mr. Maxwell look very prim n' everything. But we shall not be obliged longer to listen to his versions on the extravagance of women.

Roadmaster Barnoske was a caller yesterday.

The wife of Car Inspector L. E. Utsher has been ill for some time.

Car Foreman M. P. Schmidt is in Milwaukee at present attending a staff meeting.

Theodore P. Schmidt, former foreman at Mobridge, is in the city, having resigned his position at Mobridge so that he could be with his family, being unable to find a home for them there. He is busy at present remodeling his home.

Mr. Young, assistant superintendent motive power, and Mr. McCarthy, division master mechanic, were business callers on November 8th.

The family of Car Carpenter Andrew Thompson were quarantined recently on account of scarlet fever, which is very prevalent in the city at this time.

The record for the non-accident drive in the car department was perfect, there not having been a single accident.

Ruptured? —

Throw Away Your Truss!

**For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—
We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You
That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding
Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is
Sent On Trial to Prove It**

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

Cured in 6 Mo's after 18 Years
Hinton, Ky.

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

I never wore the Appliance a minute over six months and was cured sound and well—and I want to say no man ever did any harder work than I did while I was using it—I hauled 40 perch of rock, too big for any man to lift.

I was ruptured 18 years and words cannot tell how thankful I am. Use my name if you like.

Yours sincerely,
RUFUS FIELDS, R. R. No. 1.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Ia.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

"Seems Impossible"

Holland, Ind.
L. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: Have used one of your Appliances until it was worn out. I have been going without it for nearly a year and have not been troubled the least bit with my rupture, so I am well satisfied I am cured.

It seems nearly impossible, but I have gone through a summer's work on a farm without one and have not been troubled.

I was born ruptured and never wore a truss until I was 21 years of age, and got your Appliance. If I ever need another one I shall send in my order. Yours truly,
BARNEY OSKINS, R. F. D. No. 7



The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.

I am, Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON,
426 North Ave. D, Bethlehem, Pa.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

We send our Appliances on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Co.,

1307 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R. F. D. State

Claim Prevention Bureau

C. H. Dietrich, General Chairman

The General Committee on Claim Prevention wishes to advise that the loss and damage to freight for September, 1919, as compared to the same month in 1918, is as follows:

	1918	1919
Freight revenue	\$9,480,747.00	\$10,929,605.00
Loss and damage	156,992.00	247,477.00
Ratio of loss and damage to revenue	.0165	.0226

During the month of October we received 17,146 new loss and damage claims amounting to \$746,612.00. During the same period in 1918 there were 17,048 claims, amounting to \$571,179.00, the number of claims being about equal, but the amount of the claims received this year is nearly \$200,000.00 in excess of those received one year ago.

The large increase is represented by live stock claims, which amount to \$279,772.00 this year as compared to \$70,677.00 last year during the same month. Grain claims received during October, 1919, amounted to \$61,592.00, as compared to \$121,500.00 last year, while the claims on miscellaneous merchandise, etc., show an increase of approximately \$20,000.00.

Our claim payments for September as indicated above show the smallest ratio to freight revenue of any month this year, but, from the number of new claims received during September and October, it is obvious that claim payments will be exceptionally heavy during November and December.

One of the important items in our loss and damage account this season of the year is our claims for frost damage to perishable freight. We are unfortunately handicapped to some extent by an insufficient supply of heaters, and on this account it will be necessary for every one to watch the handling of perishable freight during cold weather closer than usual. It is especially important in accepting perishable freight, either carload or less carload, that agents confer freely with the train dispatcher and know that the property can be handled safely before accepting it.

Another feature in connection with the transporting of perishable freight this year especially that should be given the closest attention is the condition of our potato, cabbage and other vegetable crops that were damaged in large areas by early frost. This property will be tendered for transportation by shippers and every agent accepting a carload of potatoes, cabbage, etc., should look it over carefully and where stock is field frozen or wormy or other diseased conditions show up, proper notation must be

made on the bill of lading in order to protect not only this company but its connections from claims filed at destination. Our Supervisor of Refrigeration, Mr. O. M. Stevens, located at Chicago, is anxious to hear from any agent in regard to the handling of perishable freight, and, if any trouble arises in connection with our service or facilities, please advise him either by letter or in emergencies by wire and the matter will be given immediate attention.

Within a very short time it is more than likely that the Federal Administration will turn back this railroad to its owners, and we will again be an individual line with nothing to recommend us to the shipping public except our ability to transport the business expeditiously and in good order. Our efforts toward claim prevention will be as important under these new conditions and possibly more so than they have been during the past two years, as we cannot justify the handling of freight in a way that incurs claims to the extent of seven hundred thousand dollars per month. No railroad with any such leak as this in its freight revenues will be able to live under the conditions which we will meet with after Federal control ceases, and this bureau is anxious to have every employe of this company understand the absolute necessity of making an immediate and marked improvement with respect to the loss and damage to freight.

Black Hills Division.

J. R. Quass.

We are all glad to see Conductor E. A. Maynard back to work again after several months' absence on the coast.

E. R. Moore, chief of the examining board, made a trip over the division, making an examination on the Book of Rules. We hope to see him often, as it keeps our minds fresh on such matters, as well as giving us an opportunity to renew old acquaintance.

Trains were delayed a few hours October 11th on west division, owing to a derailment near Belvedere. The engine turned over, but Engineer Jos. Johnson, Fireman H. Hamilton, and brakeman Walter Hampton must have had a cabbie foot among them as they all came out without a scratch.

Conductor W. H. Stewart is spending a much needed vacation visiting relatives on the coast and missing some of our cold weather.

T. A. Elson, who has been our agent at Okaton for the past few years, has bid in third telek operator at Gaird, Iowa, and has gone there to reside. Teddy, our third telek operator at Murdo, goes to Okaton as agent.

Fireman Ed Hunsler has gone to Milwaukee to take his engineer's examination. Best wishes, Ed.

Albert Bertelson, who has been agent at Draper, goes to Kennebec in place of Frank Scarlett. Jimmie Dwyer is at Draper.

Viva Voce and Fac-Simile From the S.-M. West. A. D. Mac.

Roadmaster McGee has returned from Malden, Wash., and reports his brother, Ed McGee, slowly recovering from a severe illness which for a time caused much anxiety over his condition.

Engineer Ed Dovenburg and family recently visited at Austin and Jackson.

The correspondent had occasion to visit at Austin a short time ago. Found everybody busy, you bet. Hope it was back pay or something good. Si was there, alright, but can't say where he looked out from. We spent the evening pleasantly, but it was too bad the film for the movie didn't get there. Everybody goes to the show down there. When we come again everybody will be introduced to everybody else and there will be no misunderstanding. How's that, Nellie?

Dispatcher Jones is sporting a black cigar which he was heard to say he took up after the world's series baseball games.

Section Foreman Bert Westby and family are visiting relatives at Bellingham, Wash. If the storm keeps up we will soon send Bert a formal recall, but we wouldn't mention the snow.

On November 12th occurred the death of George Curtis at the family home in Madison. Mr. Curtis will be remembered as having served in the employment of this Company at various occupations, having served as passenger brakeman until a few years ago when his health became such that he could no longer continue the work.

At this writing we are pondering the outcome of one of the Northwest's early blizzards. J. J. A. is making sterling efforts to restore the wire service on the M. & B. Line. Roadmaster Crabbs is furnishing every possible assistance and has also kept the line clear of snow. The skilled man with the inky black brush will have nothing on them when the line gets back to trim running order for a picture of "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling."

Bridge Carpenter Bacon has installed what may be called a young furnace in the dispatcher's office. Call around and see for yourself.

Item? Item! Where are all you folks who promised some items? Maybe it did look like you were never going to get that supply of winter coal, but while you were waiting you and the other fellow did a lot of interesting things.

La Crosse Division Facts.

G. E. Sampson.

"Thanksgiving Month" is again with us and with it came snow and winds of "the good old winter time." Caps and mittens have been brought out and all have settled down ready for the worst that "Old Man Winter" has to offer. Carpenters are busy enlarging six stalls in the North La Crosse roundhouse to hold that number of our new L3 engines.

The Chicago working agreement for enginemen has caused some employees to change positions. Carl Bloom who has held down a position as fireman and extra engineer at Sparta for several years has moved to Portage where he will fire passenger engines and do extra running.

We all miss our old friend Agent Freemore, at Oakdale, as he has been absent from his office on account of sickness for some time. Mr. Rebstein is in his place. Every one misses Sam as even the oldest employees cannot remember a day when they did not see his smiling face at the ticket window of his office.

Agent Harris of Lyndon, is off for the winter while J. P. Enright fills his place.

Operator Higgins of North La Crosse has returned to his position as first trick operator at that place. He was absent for a few days as he had an important date with Dr. Stock, who brought Mr. and Mrs. Higgins a fine baby girl.

Passenger Brakeman Chris Schumann is, without a doubt, the happiest daddy you ever did see. A young gentleman arrived at his home and offered to remain if Chris would provide food and clothing to protect the said young fellow from hunger and cold weather. They promised. A son also arrived at the home of Engineer and Mrs. Louis Hauke of Portage.

Conductor Harry Amborn of Milwaukee, was almost instantly killed when he tried to board a car in his train, while train was moving at a rapid rate of speed, at Elm Grove. He was thrown back striking his head fracturing his skull. He was rushed to the hospital, but never regained

To Ticket Agents C. M. & St. P. Ry

Are YOU selling our
Accident Insurance
Tickets?

If Not, Why Not?

The Travelers
Insurance Company

Ticket Department
Hartford, Connecticut

Weak, Thin, Nervous People Should Take Bitro-Phosphate

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE

Frederick S. Kelle, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal.



GEORGIA HAMILTON.

This phosphate is described as identical in composition with certain vital elements naturally found in brain and nerve cells and one which when taken into the human system is quickly converted into healthy living tissue. Some physicians claim that through its use strength, energy, nerve and nerve force are frequently increased by two weights.

Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was an invalid and had long put up with a nervous condition, writes: "I take Bitro-Phosphate, and in eight weeks I am again strong and healthy. I have gained weight and my nerves are better than ever."

If you are weak, thin, nervous, do not sleep well, or are too easily fatigued, or are a druggist and get enough Bitro-Phosphate, and a lot of work will be done. It costs only five cents a week. A constant use of it will give you more energy, nerve, sleep better, eat more food, and have more vitality.

CAUTION. As there are a great variety of so-called phosphate tablets, be sure to get this tablet. It will be sure to give you more Bitro-Phosphate.

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You
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DEMAND

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POWER

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NUXATED IRON

**Don't Accept Substitutes
and afterwards be sorry**

The fact that Nuxated Iron is now probably the most widely used strength and blood-builder in the world—over 3,000,000 people take it annually—is convincing evidence not only of its great therapeutic value but of its superiority over other iron preparations. Unlike metallic iron products, it is easily assimilated, will not irritate the stomach, nor blacken the teeth. Ask your doctor or druggist.

consciousness but passed quietly away without ever knowing of his accident. The sympathy of all employees is extended to the bereaved family.

Former District Master Mechanic M. F. Smith and wife were happily surprised at their home one evening when a delegation of engineers representing the employees over whom Mr. Smith had acted as an official for years before his transfer to other duties. The delegation presented them with a beautiful fireside rocker and Mr. S. with a handsome watch and chain. Mr. Smith wishes us to say through the Magazine, where every employee with whom he was associated will see, that while words fail to express his feelings he wants every one of them to know that he appreciates these remembrances as he did the co-operation of all employees with whom he was connected during his stay with them as D. M. M.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the B. of R. T. held a state convention at La Crosse the latter part of October, and all report a grand time. Yardman Clarence Hyde has promised us a photo taken at the meeting showing Mr. Hyde's mother, wife and daughter, making a three generation photo. Mrs. Hyde, Sr., was a charter member of the organization in La Crosse a great many years ago, while Mrs. Hyde, Jr., and daughter are now members of the same lodge and Miss Hyde claims the distinction of being one of the youngest members in the organization, having joined a few days after being eligible by age.

Friday, October 24th, friends of Brakeman Don Copron were shocked to learn of the death of his son Chester at his home at Portage. The young man worked for some time for the railway company at Portage then went to Milwaukee and entered their shops and learned the machinist's trade, where he was employed at the time of his death. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved parents and brother of the deceased.

Alexander Elliott died at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Hasenbalg, wife of La Crosse Division trainmaster, A. J. Hasenbalg. The sympathy of all employees is extended to the bereaved ones.

On Nov. 13th Warren C. Stone, grand chief of the locomotive engineers, spoke to a crowded house at the La Crosse Theatre on the cause of high cost of living and the future of the railways of our country. He discussed at length some of the bills before Congress and explained very forcibly why he favored the proposed "Plumb Plan". The audience was composed of not all railway people but laboring people of every craft and their wives, who are as much interested in the future of the country as their husbands, now that they too will soon have the vote. Those present seemed pleased to have a chance to hear some of the ideas of future operation of railways discussed and to get some ideas of what would be for the benefit of all concerned in such operation. While we have no intention of dragging any such discussion into our magazine and still the different opinions and discussions among those of our craft make one wonder what the outcome of it all will be.

Agent Philips of Camp Douglas still unable to be on duty there. Supply agent filling the position.

Business on our division has been a lot more than the amount of power assigned to this division could handle. With a good supply of L2 engines and a car limit that our sidings and terminals could accommodate we could handle still a larger amount of business, but with the L3 engines, whose tonnage is far in excess of the track room at Lax and Portage, it is almost impossible to get our trains into these yards except by letting one train in when one pulls out. All are in hopes that in the near future arrangements will be made so that we can handle our share of the Milwaukee's fast growing business.

Well, this is our December issue, and we are sure thankful to still be here to wish each and every one of our readers a Merry Christmas. And we are all anxious to see the Xmas number; for from the first issue of the magazine up to this time, every Xmas number has outdone the former one.

As the magazine is improving with each issue we feel that the Xmas number this year will be a forerunner for a still larger and better magazine for the employees of our great railway.

Should any of the Lax Division boys send us a few items of interest it will help keep our column up with the rest.

W. S. Bogle
Pres.

C. W. Gilmore
Vice-Pres.

H. A. Stark
Sec'y

W. S. Bogle & Co., Inc.

St. Bernice, Pine Ridge
and Essanbee

COAL

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CHICAGO

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**Special Attention Given to Savings
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ILLINOIS — INDIANA COALS

*We are shippers of genuine Franklin
County Coal, prepared in all sizes; also
Clinton, Ind., Fourth and Fifth Vein,
Sullivan County Fifth and Sixth Vein and
Green County Fourth Vein Coals, special-
ly prepared for steam and domestic trade*

WRITE FOR PRICES

ROSENGRANT COAL CO.

McCormick Bldg.

Chicago, Illinois

Conductor Roy Young, who lost his leg at La Crosse a year ago the 11th of November, recently went to Minneapolis to obtain an artificial limb and we understand that the company will furnish him with employment as soon as he can get around. All will be glad to see Roy among them again.

S. M. P. Office Notes.
Milwaukee Shops.
"Roy."

Horace Griggs has been spending or rather wasting his time trying to play a cornet. So I thought it would be a good idea to let you know where all the funny noise that we have been hearing comes from. The latest dope I got is that he has been organizing a Jazz Band and has been very successful in obtaining the services of Henry Krueger, one of the best ivory ticklers in the country.

Emmett Kelly is back to work again after a few days of serious illness. "Kel" looks very bad and I think if he could get some strong cough syrup he would come back to life.

I understand Ed Dayton could stand a little of this syrup also.

We have two new faces in our wonderful office. One of them being a funny one, namely Gordon Parks, and the other is Charles Elmer, little Jack Mulders' brother-in-law. Jack can be lucky that he is not his father-in-law, as he is a pretty husky kid.

Eight o'clock is the regular starting time, Julius.

At the union meeting November 6th Miss Mae McMahon had a wonderful time dancing with a little Jewish boy and she says he is some dancer.

The undertaking business must be booming as Oscar Haase has not worn his undertaker's collar for some time. There surely is something wrong, it cannot be that the collar is worn out because he has only had it about four years at the very least.

"Red" Kraus is raising what he calls a mistake, or I mean a mustache. Good luck to you. "Red," there is some sign of it as the three hairs on the right side of your lips look good. About five more months and you will have one, so don't get discouraged.

Strange how things happen, Earl Solverson, who spent about ten months in France, has just come back. Earl couldn't see the French girls at all, but it took him about ten days to see a pretty American girl.

Pretty swell hair comb you had the other day, Bernice.

Harvey Trevillian thinks he is some judge when it comes to football, he picked the Goodlows to beat the Bunde & Upmeyer. The score was 37 to 7 in favor of the Bunde & Upmeyer team. Now he is betting on the Lapham A. C.

The question now arises: What does Reuben Gribble do during his spare evenings when he is out on the road. We are all wondering why he enjoys those road trips, but a short time ago the chief clerks were called into the office for a conference and we noticed that two out of every three was a nice looking young lady.

I. & M. Division.

John Schultz.

"Lost"—a very valuable corn cob pipe. Return to Joe Ober for a liberal reward.

D. J. Deneen is at home from his work at Milwaukee to attend the council meeting and visit the home folks.

Ask J. J. Early and Joe Ober how they enjoyed their auto ride, and they get ready to run.

Henry Goshu is now taking care of the billing of coal at Farmington.

Wm. Rakow of Cresco is the new section foreman at Plymouth.

Our gonadal trainmaster, Mr. Lieb, has been on the sick list. However, it's hard to keep a good man off the job, and so Bill is back at work again.

George Hennessey is now at Rawlins, Wyoming, as general foreman for the U. P. Success to you, George.

Conductor Mike Gilmartin is back at work after visiting Kansas City and other places.

Something is wrong at the master mechanic's office. Better be careful, Paul, or you will lose your two mules. Gussie says Marie went to Montana to see her regular, and Marie says

Gussie went to Chicago to see hers. Gosh, some of you fellows must be slow to let those girls get out of the state.

Several of the 4th ward girls needed an escort while on their way to the packing plant. John Mortenson has evidently secured the position by right of conquest.

At this writing, we are glad to report the splendid improvement of Cassius Terry. It is the wish and prayer of the entire division that he continues to improve.

Superintendent W. J. Thiele was called to Milwaukee on account of the death of his father. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Thiele in his bereavement.

John Schultz of Austin strolled up Faribault way one day recently and met John Schultz of that place. The meeting was agreeable, cigars passed to and fro; some were not fit to smoke (the ones that John gave John were the unfit ones). About that time Ed Scott and H. Bushman came along and we had to buy them a few. Last report they were doing well, but had about decided to give up smoking. Good-bye, John; good-bye, John.

Call Boy True Cress refereed the football game, but forgot to get out of the way of some of the players. Result: True is using a cane for a few days.

I wonder if Passenger Agent Tom Morker is through winding the clock in the Minneapolis Shops. I understand Tom is some singer and story-teller, when it comes to doing duty at the shops.

Brakeman Ed O'Brien was injured while loading coal at Lime Springs. His nose was broken and he sustained other injuries about the head. At present, he is doing as well as could be expected.

Dubuque Division Items.

J. J. Reillyhan.

Operator Ed Boeckh spent a few days in the Twin Cities. W. H. Martin relieved him on second trick at Lansing.

The night telegraph office at Edmore has been reopened with Operator Joe Buechel in charge.

On account of the coal shortage trains No. 31 and 32 were temporarily taken off; effective November 8th.

Lieutenant E. G. Kiesel has resumed his position as general yardmaster at Dubuque Shops.

Mrs. Dick Harrison, operator at Gordon's Ferry, spent a few weeks with home folks in Canada.

It's been a long time since we saw the "Hook" on this division, but we had to get the Savanna outfit to pick up a derailment at New Albin November 2nd, caused by a brakebeam dropping down on track, derailing six cars.

F. A. Schrader, agent at No. McGregor, took a two weeks' vacation, spending part of the time in Colorado. Operator Marshall had charge of the station during his absence.

John Masters attended a convention of the Maintenance Employees at Minneapolis October 25.

Conductor Kearney and Engineer Boleyn, representing the O. R. C. and B. of L. E., have been at Milwaukee for several weeks working on schedule revision.

Arthur Masters made his maiden trip as conductor, getting his first try-out on the Cascade line.

Engineer Hall has been out of commission for over a month. The last trip he made on No. 4 the whistle valve was broken and whistle blew continually from Guttenberg to Dubuque shops, which has affected his hearing.

Chief Clerk G. H. Rowley and Division Accountant G. Elmer attended a school of accounting at Minneapolis a few days, the latter part of October.

Agent Dan Driscoll of the American Railway Express at Dubuque made a trip over the division instructing the employees as to the use of the new work-billing system which takes effect December 1st.

Engineer Keenan is now on the North End way freight.

General Superintendent W. M. Wadenhammer made an inspection trip over the West End line November 5th.

A new three stall roundhouse and turntable are being built at Preston.

Operator Joe Dean resumed work as second

trick operator at Clayton November 10th, after having served two years in the army.

Superintendent Thurber has good reason to be proud of the record made by the Dubuque Division during the National Accident Prevention Drive. We went over the top 100%.

Mrs. J. J. Rellihan had an operation performed at Mercy Hospital, Dubuque, October 19th. She returned home November 12th greatly improved in health.

The Operator's Star.

C. A. Donart.

Twinkle, twinkle, signal light,
It's me who lights you every night,
Way up on a pole so high,
Like a firebug in the sky.
Seems to me you might come down
Somewhat nearer to the ground.
Every night I climb up there,
Sixty feet straight in the air—
Risk my neck to make a light,
So the trains can run all right.
When the blazing sun is set,
And the semaphore is wet—
Maybe covered with thick ice—
Gee! that makes the climbing nice.
When it's forty-two below,
Little light, then out you go.
Twinkle, twinkle, signal light,
Won't you please stay lit tonight.

Signal Department Bubbles—Lines East.

"Suds."

By the time the December Magazine comes out, this department will have been one year in its quarters at the depot. It has been a very pleasant year. The clean and spacious rooms and pleasant surroundings all combine to make it an ideal place.

Edward Leahy attended the meeting of the Accounting Department, held at Minneapolis recently. While there, Ed took in the Minnesota-Iowa game.

F. D. Morehart made a trip to Pittsburgh last month to attend the meeting of the Railway Signal Association. Fred was glad to get back again as the steel strikers were making considerable trouble at that time.

The Signal Valuation Department has added a number of new men to its force, those coming in being, E. D. Barton, formerly maintainer at Hastings, later construction foreman, and Joe Munkhoff, who recently returned from overseas and formerly maintainer at Ranney. Neal Simpson, our estimating draftsman, has been transferred over to the Valuation Department, making a total of nine in that department now.

B. Wilkerson, maintainer at Camp Douglas, has taken the position as estimating draftsman.

"You tell 'em" Hygiene Forrester was presented with a handsome loving beer mug, decorated with black crepe with a fitting epithet as a lasting memento of by-gone days. Gene has quite a collection of curios and all visitors would do well to look his collection over.

While we have Gene as our subject, we might add that he carries several horseshoes, hairpins and rabbit's feet around to keep Dame Fortune smiling on him. His latest bit of luck was to win Charlie Fisher's Overland out of 1500 tickets sold.

We see that Slim got back in again after sojourning on the Hill. Good, we felt sort of lonesome the past two months without you.

Glen Downing, maintainer at Corliss, had the misfortune of losing his sister who died at one of the local hospitals, following an operation. The Signal Department employees extend their heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family.

Bob Poland has taken a 60 day leave of absence and expects to spend considerable time in North Dakota.

Verse.

And now you turn from out the street
To last year's path with eager feet.
Above your head a bluebird sings,
Ah, which the bluer—sky or wings?
And like mirage no sooner seen
Than gone again, a glimpse of green.

-- N. B. S.

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